John Brown.

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THE
ANGLO-IRISH
OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

VOL. II.

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THE

ANGLO-IRISH

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE ANGLO-IRISH.

CHAPTER I.

"Now that you have the sense to be well, good Blount," said Flood to our hero, as, more than a month after Gerald received the intelligence detailed in the last chapter, they sauntered through the solitudes of Père la Chaise—"now that you have the sense to be well, good Blount, let me, in the first instance, very delicately intimate that I am rather disposed to acknowledge myself amazingly tired of the whole affair."

"Indeed, Flood, I do not wonder. The kind and constant attentions you paid me during that wretched relapse—"

"Neither kind nor constant," interrupted Flood: "kindness, as it vaguely appears to

me, having little to do with the description of necessity I was under to perform what I have performed; and constancy to your bed-side, most especially during the period of your very preposterous loquacity, having just as little meaning, when I sum up the diversified passages of life by your humble friend experienced in the company of such specimens of the gentler sex, as this land of the Gaul doth supply for the arousing of a slight interest in the bosom of man."

"And how do you like them, Flood?"

"Like? worthy Blount, people of sense never 'like.' 'Tis a word insufferably strong. Yet, in some degree to afford the indulgence of an answer to your philosophic inquiries, I permit myself to intimate that, of a French woman's face, there is nothing pretty but the eyes; of her figure, nothing so potent as the corset, with its appendages; and yet is her step, her walk, her manner of motion, supremely worthy of womankind."

"More so than, as you term it, the manner of motion of our own majestic beauties, entering a saloon in one of our squares, or sailing statelily up Bond-street, under the surveillance of the male duenna—the gold-headed stick?"

"Frightful! Enormous to a degree! 'Tis military striding, not walking, under a flounce."

"Very grand and awful, though."

"Yes, very. But people don't want that from *them*. People don't want a fine woman to be always 'keeping the step.' Yet our superb women *will* try to pace with one, no matter how one's boots and spurs, belts and sabre, to say nothing of *l'air militaire*, compel one to stamp and clank, at slow march, by their side. Now the peculiar eulogy of a French girl is, that she leaves your legs and feet to take care of themselves, and pursues her own little graceful pitter-patter, just as if you were a mile off, though all the time her finger-tips touch your arm, and she is firing up, from under her bonnet, straight into your face. If the war break out again, and that one slightly fancies a feminine companion, *for the march*, let her country be England; but in times of peace, at least, if the lady be required, partly for the purposes of entering and leaving a room, like a woman, allow the suggestion that she may be French, in preference."

"Apropos to war, Flood, have you heard some strange rumours this morning?"

"Something I have heard, possibly; but 'tis so long ago, ever since before breakfast, spare me the considerable pain of an unnecessary effort to recollect and combine, good fellow."

"Well; the French women are like to make you turn traitor, Flood."

"Egregious! One must have been, some time or other, the subject of some one power or other, in order to be liable to the commission of treason towards any second power of the earth."

"And you have never yet declared yourself the sworn subject of beauty, in our land of beauty,—of beauty in its excellence—England?"

"The thought is old enough to cause a loss of a considerable portion of self-estimation and esteem. I must cut you, fellow-student, or your overpowering notions will prove the dissolution of your friend. Barbarous. We do not dress, and get three tailors to superintend different parts of one suit—we do not *live* for that."

"But they pique you more than the brilliant creatures at home?"

"Too astounding again. I tell you, old school-mate, nothing piques, or pleases, or in any way quite interests—— us. Get rid of all that downright way of speaking, and of those in-

earnest notions that absolutely amount to a conception, and, I repeat, overwhelm and agitate. Yet, still to flatter that fever-worn frame, and pallid countenance, apprehend, very remotely, that, since we came to Paris, your faithful admirer has had something like a glimpse of an individual, whose English perfection of feature, and French manner of motion, saying nothing of a style of discourse, and of a vivacity and a smile peculiarly her own—"

"She *has* piqued you," interrupted Gerald; "and she *is* real French?"

"By her tongue, at least: but, now, do not insist on your particularities, excellent Blount."

"Have you met her often?"

"Twice, or once, as it may prove to be. Still you hem me in. Change we the topic, 'oh thou particular fellow.' In some measure, I may say, I have a new matter to indicate. You get able to protect yourself in good time, for I have a notion my admirable father wishes me to meet him in London in a few days, on what need I do not dare to conjecture, and you, it strikes me, will not so soon return to England."

"Oh, Flood, do not glance at such a thing: it shakes me to the centre."

"If I *have* agitated you, good Blount, learn, from your own sensations, to spare others the agony your words every moment inflict."

"But your allusion reminds me, however, of a question it is quite necessary I should ask. A *serious* question, Flood."

"Ever the same. Never to be taught: give me breath, however, and go on."

"My poor young antagonist?"

"A man of your tenacious habits of mind ought to recollect, that his surgeon pronounced him mortally hit, on the ground."

"The surgeon might have erred."

"Very impossible. Or even so, he would make his own words good to save his credit afterwards; so that, in any case, the chivalrous youth is extinct."

"My first illness here came on too soon after our arrival to allow me to consult the English papers: but what said they?"

"I apprehend the little affair was judiciously hushed up by your good friends in them; yet, in a provincial English print, as it slightly presents itself to my mind, I have read or glanced over a few lines that intimated his demise, some hours after we parted from him."

Gerald was silent, but he shuddered. Flood pretended not to notice him, but turned away his head, and lispingly hummed a French air. In a few moments, Gerald resumed.

"It must be so. Yet I had hopes, vague hopes, that, mixed up with the horrors of my fever, used to bring a relief. My brother's letters, too, were completely silent on the subject; and if he could have imparted good news, I should have had it. Flood, I am amazed you never wrote to London to make inquiries."

"Be not therefore amazed, fellow-student; I did take the incalculable trouble of writing to London for that especial purpose; but from the fact of your opponent having been only a few weeks in town, and, more important still, unknown in our set, by self or friend, I might as well have written to the North Pole. No civilized person of my acquaintance or yours could possibly be aware of his existence or demise, life or death; or whither they carried him, or where they interred him."

"I am, then, the murderer of a fellow-creature," muttered Gerald.

"Preposterous, good school-mate. Ah!" interrupting himself, and looking down one of

the shady walks at the top of which they stood; "that bonnet can be worn so only by one head in the spacious world!—those twinkling feet can prop but one enormously engaging person!—stand for yourself a moment, too prosing Monsieur Melancholy, I will perchance return;" and, in a pace as gallant as his usual half-stride, half-glide, would permit, Flood clanked off to join a group of ladies, who just then turned out of view into another walk.

At this period, France had, for the first time during many years, been thrown open to the observation, the criticism, nay, the hypercriticism of England. We had been living to ourselves so long, that, beyond ourselves, nothing was good, fair, or "in taste." Doctor Primrose, with a depth of philosophy of which he does not suspect himself, declares, that, at his own fireside, among his own family, every man is a greater man than his neighbour: what is true of an individual is true of a nation; and Englishmen isolated from the rest of the world, had, indeed, been such a considerable time cooped up, at their own fireside, too, that, singly and collectively, they illustrated the good divine's proposition. We crossed the

Straits, in fact, to convince ourselves of our own preeminence; and, in this humour, every novelty was an innovation, every difference an inferiority; and French manners, French streets, French ragouts, French posting, French affectation, and French sentiment, indiscriminately, formed the themes of our self-flattering animadversion.

Gerald wished to be, if he was not, quite English; and while from his peculiar national relations, Ireland, as has been seen, was perhaps peculiarly undervalued by him, he shared, with the bulk of the country he fain would claim as his own, no small portion of this English indifference to every thing French also. At the head of offences against "good taste," was French sentiment, of course; and in no instance did it appear more glaring, or cause more annoyance to his proprieties, than in the arrangement and observances of Père la Chaise, the place where he now stood.

I speak of Gerald's former feelings, when, at a first visit, he wandered through the shady cemetery. Then, he had turned with offended sensibilities from the tomb-slab, of which one half showed an inscription written by a widow

to her departed spouse, rather than *upon* the event of his death, and ending in an avowal that she had caused the other half to remain blank, in order to keep a place for her own epitaph. The ostentatious fidelity of this widow, reminding him of an anecdote of Voltaire, sent Gerald twirling off on his heel; although, had he paused a moment longer, he might, perhaps, have seen that very woman, coming, after the lapse of ten years—the inscription on the slab marked the interval—still dressed in her weeds, upon that anniversary-day at least, to hang a fresh garland over the grave, and, kneeling or sitting down within its little enclosure, to drop a fresh tear, read or say a prayer, or meditate upon the happy days she had passed by her husband's side, or the still happier time when she hoped to meet him again.

At one glance, every thing he saw about him suggested to Gerald an elegant affectation of natural feeling; an overstrained attention to the unheeding dead. Garlands, and kneeling mourners, and all—it was French. This day he had sauntered to Père la Chaise full of the same prejudice: and at the moment of Flood's

departure, he still found in his heart to censure whatever he looked upon. Similiarities to the widow's slab occurred, and he cried, "pshaw!" Even the simple little inscription over a little grave—"*Adieu, Julie! adieu mon enfant!*" in which a father might naturally be supposed to speak, did not touch him, until, as he passed the lowly gate that led into poor Julie's last abode, a sob struck on his ear, and glancing round, he saw a respectable-looking man of middle age, sitting on a rustic chair at the head of the grave of her who had been, perhaps, his sole earthly care, pride, and solace.

Suddenly touched, Gerald felt as much ashamed as if he had openly sported with the sorrows of a fellow-creature. His pale cheek flushed with the apprehension that his careless or contemning air might have been observed; and he walked on rapidly, under the impulse, to avoid a humiliation. In a short time, it struck him that he would walk back, watch the father going away, and ascertain how long he had been a sincere mourner: and when, with every facility for his purpose, Gerald did return and examine the date of Julie's death, her little grave-stone informed him, that he had indeed

made light of regrets sanctified and ennobled by the lapse of many years.

"After all," he thought, "there may be much true feeling amid all this painful display of it. Besides, what is display to us may not be so to them. While we see these people all in parade, they may have no notion of giving us the impression; they may be sincere, when we suppose them ostentatious."

His thoughts thus turned into a more liberal course, he allowed them to lead him on. He admitted the great propriety of the views in which the cemetery had been formed, and the decency, at least, of the observances with which it was characterised. The funeral processions that caught his eye, crossing or winding down some of the numerous alleys of the extensive grounds, seemed more natural, more real, than the funerals he had seen "performed," as the undertaker candidly admits, in London. And that each grave, the humblest of the thousands around, should have its little enclosure, its seat for the surviving visitor, its inscription out of the hackneyed form supplied, time immemorial, by the English stone-cutter, its little urn, or its memento, no matter how frittered

or fantastic, according to the taste (only) of the mourner, did not now seem to Gerald necessary to imply, in the people of Paris, a total absence of those sensibilities common to the heart of man all over the world. He called to mind a churchyard in the vicinity of his own metropolis; and, in the piling of coffin over coffin, of strange bones over strange bones; in the squabbling about the price of graves, and their depth, to feet and inches; in the unseemly dispatch of an interment of one of the humbler classes upon a Sabbath, when funerals crowd after each other to the same burying-place; in all this there was a contrast to the advantage of the scene amid which he stood. He remembered to have once seen a group of little boys left to finish the raising of a shallow, grassless, dusty grave, when the regular "goodman delver," was called away to attend to a new arrival; and the sportive rivalry of the unthinking youngsters, as they flourished and clattered their shovels, suggested a want of habitual decorousness of feeling, that, at least, was as disagreeable as its redundancy amid the umbrageous solitudes of Père la Chaise.

"And again," said Gerald, "even those who

only play a part here, cannot be injured by their cold conformance to observances which, in the first instance, must have been prompted by all that is good and tender in the human bosom. 'The fool who came to laugh remained to pray,' after the good man's sermon; and surely, in the impressive loneliness of this sumptuous public cemetery, coldness itself may be warmed, and the hardest heart made gentler than it was. 'Affect a virtue if you have it not,' is a farther argument against my national prejudices."

He sauntered through alley after alley; ascended and descended the many inequalities of the place of graves; examined the broad ways upon each side of which were ranged the spacious and costly mausoleums of the rich and great; lost himself in the green and bushy intricacies of the narrower paths that ran amongst the last houses of the humbler dead; perused the printed placards that prescribed, in a good spirit of serious feeling, fit conduct and demeanour to those who should curiously visit the sacred solitude; and all he saw and all he pondered on, now affected Gerald in a very different way from his former prepossessions.

"It is meet," he continued; his own recent sensations (for he had been contemplating death) assisting, perhaps, his rapid change of opinion—"it is meet, it is honourable to human nature, even though it be over-done. Delicate attention to the departed friend, ennobles a prince or a lord; why should it not be creditable as the habit of a whole people?

"The shadowed extent of the place creates awe," continued Gerald, ascending its utmost heights: "as I walk over these intersecting paths, the mansions of the dead so thickly piled at either hand, and they alone the dwellers here, can my feelings be those of indifference? It is their possession — their city — the city of the dead—and dense though noiseless is the population!—Yes!" as at a break through some trees, Paris confronted him, seemingly upon another elevation, spread out in all the beauty of her domes and spires—"yes! yonder is the city of the living; here is the city of the dead. Living, busy Paris; and dead, breathless Paris; for the crowds that slumber here, once toiled and sweated there; as the crowd that now supplies their place, jostling and clamouring, and humming, along the streets, and quays, and

bridges of yonder concatenation of life, will soon lie down by the sides of their predecessors in vain effort and useless existence. Ay! in less than ninety years, not a soul of that unthinking multitude shall possess the proud capital they imagine to be exclusively their own: and yet another multitude succeeds; and another still;—the torrent ever similar, though no drop that forms it is the same. Well, here is room for all: men give way to each other in the grave as well as in the world; and here, too, can all ranks be accumulated; *grandes rues* for the great and rich; cross alleys for the humble and the poor; 'twill be all the same, or they will think it so."

Gerald's moralizing was interrupted by catching, round the angle of the green alley at the end of which he stood, a glimpse of a vision that speedily put to flight his sombre thoughts, and presented human existence in its most fascinating form. At only a few steps from him, a tall and finely shaped young lady, dressed in the perfection, though not in the extreme, of French fashion, leaned over the palings of a grave very simply adorned, and gazed stedfastly on the brief inscription of its little mo-

nument. Youth and loveliness never appeared more luxuriantly expressed than in the lines of her figure. As one foot stood at rest, Gerald's eye fixed on an instep that conveyed to his mind a promise of all he had fancied of the united symmetry and elegance which ought to distinguish polished beauty. The face appeared only in profile, yet showed a high, fair forehead, a long, and slightly aquiline nose, small, red, parted lips, and a round, glowing cheek, such as formed a singular and delightful exception to the general cast of French features. It was, or should have been, English beauty of the first order; and, indeed, Gerald puzzled himself for a moment with the question—"Where can I have seen her before?" The eye he did not at all catch; it was quite drooped over the little grave: but the golden locks which, lightly as summer clouds at sunset, thronged over it and round it, farther assured him that this lovely lady was a daughter of old Ocean's first and proudest Island.

He looked more studiously, without motion; still hoping to convince himself of his right to address her upon the grounds of former acquaintance; but the more he riveted his gaze,

the less familiar to his mind did her features become, until at last they seemed to assume a perfectly strange, though not less charming character, like the fleecy vapour in the sky gradually, at the impulse of the light breeze, changing from one phantasy to another; and Gerald finally felt assured that he had been only beguiled into his first impression by the sister-likeness that beauty of a certain stamp wears, or makes us think it wears, through all its diversities.

He advanced a step, treading softly on the greensward that edged his path, and so did not disturb the lady. As his eye continued fixed on her cheek, he saw tears burst from under the long silken fringe of her rosy lids. He stopped; her emotion increased; she sobbed and hid her face in her hands. He glanced at the inscription over the grave, and read, "*Ma jeune et belle epousé, Justine! agé de* 18 *ans.*"

As a tear glistened in his own eye, Gerald thought—"she is French, after all. This grief must flow from her connexion with the poor Justine; perhaps they have been sisters."

He again moved, and the lady started; uncovered her face; flashed upon him, while they

still floated in tears, the most beautiful blue eyes in the world; as suddenly withdrew them; and, turning away, rapidly applied her handkerchief to her cheeks.

"I have intruded without intending it, Madam," said Gerald, a little confused; while the recent touch of pathos he had experienced, agitated his voice, "and I am much distressed, — I exceedingly regret—" and he stopped.

She answered in French—"I am not English, Sir; and pray do not speak English, if you please; perhaps you enquire the way to the entrance? I will tell you with pleasure; that way."

During this speech she had gravely turned round, her looks cast down; but the play of her lips, and the vivacity of her action, as she pointed out the way, was, along with her pure accent and quick utterance, abundantly French to Gerald's eye and ear. He had not yet quite regained his self-possession; but, irresistibly, he uncovered his head, bowed, and held his hat in his hand, as she spoke. When she had ended, he found that, from his slight agitation, he could not fully collect her meaning. He under-

stood enough, however, to answer, that when he had addressed her in English, he only meant to apologize for intruding upon her private meditations at the grave of a friend.

She laughed slightly, and, still speaking French, said, "Your apology need not be so *empressé*, then, for no friend of mine lies here: *la jeune et belle Justine* I never before heard of: only, in passing, a little fatigued, in my search after some acquaintances who accompanied me hither, and whom, out of a frolic, I foolishly ran away from, just now—(in fact, Sir, it was to avoid other company,)—the railings of poor Justine's inclosure happened to be the first I leaned over to rest myself; and so I have given you cause to suppose me a more afflicted lady than I would pretend to be."

All traces of her tears had now faded away; her face was unclouded sunshine, her eyes again played around Gerald with all their dangerous power, and, joined to their beams, the dimpling smile of her perfect mouth was the most lovely thing in nature.

"She *is* French, indeed," he thought; "that manner, that frankness, a little too liberal in the

first interview with a stranger ; that fascination, a little too evident in its effort to conquer,—ay, and those ready tears at an unknown grave, provoked by a few words of blazoned sentiment—" (his antipathies were returning)—"and shed in the very climax of, as she confesses, a frolic,—all is French about her, except—" and Gerald was stopped by his own sigh—" except her personal charms, and those are radiant enough for a heaven."

But this piece of Gerald's habitual criticism did not, in the thinking, occupy a tenth part the time spent in noticing it; nor did he seem to have been guilty of any want of attention, when, after a second's pause, he replied to the lady's last words, by hoping that she might easily and soon discover her friends.

" It does not trouble me much," she resumed ; " I am too precious in their eyes to be left to spend the night with Justine here.—But are you well acquainted with the intricacies of this strange and beautiful place ? Though, just now, I superfluously pointed out your way to the entrance-gate, the knowledge I was then able to impart contains the sum of all I know about it ;

and where, or in what direction I must turn to regain my friends, is, indeed, a mystery for the present."

Gerald was very sorry he could not have the honour and pleasure of assisting the lady out of her embarrassment: and, at the same time, he took the liberty of requesting that she would have the goodness to speak a little slower, in order to allow him the great pleasure of comprehending every single word she did him the favour of addressing to his ear.

"A little slower!" she repeated, laughing; "well, with all my heart; but you will excuse my laugh when I tell you that your request is so precisely the same preferred by all your countrymen, on their first appearance here, I could not help enjoying it,—'a little slower if you please, a little slower;' *toujours* slower; *toujours*!" and she resumed her laugh: "you are quite English, of course, Sir?"

"Not quite," answered Gerald.

"Ecossois, then?"

"No; not at all Scotch."

"But you cannot be German, nor High or Low Dutch, for the manner of your own which

you have is beyond them—nor Italian, for you dress too well, and don't look picturesque—nor Spanish, for you don't look like Talma acting the grand; let me see—you are Irlandois?"

"Nor quite Irish, either," replied Gerald, a little annoyed at this unceremonious cross-examination, and disposed to question the lady's claim to be very well-bred, even making every allowance for her Frenchism.

"What! neither Dutch, German, Italian, Spanish, Scotch, nor yet English-quite, nor Irish-quite? Have you a country at all, Sir?" —Gerald suspected that a tone of irony ran through this speech—"or is your country so unworthy that you grow ashamed of it, as a youngster might of a humble parent? or, perhaps, since you are not English-*quite*, nor Irish-*quite*—" her repetitions were marked with such emphasis, that, added to the effects of her last words, Gerald's cheeks flamed—"perhaps we must call you by that doubtful title which people who *have* a country laugh at—you are English-Irish, Sir?"

Gerald bowed low, and, with much cold dignity, assured the lady that she had, no matter

how people might be amused at it, bestowed on him the very title which, in this case, he preferred.

"If you have true friends, Sir, they must regret your preference. The title gives you no claim to one country or the other; and every man ought to claim one country to stand by against all the world—every young man, at least,—as he would stand by one true mistress, one mother, one rule of conduct, one belief in God. It is expected from him; men expect it, and women too. A young man who cannot name his country, and name it with love and sorrow, if not with pride and boasting, is like the unfortunate who blushes at his mother's name, or the worse than unfortunate who cannot assert and show his hope in a Creator and in Heaven. Considering nations as but different branches of one great family, he stands unconnected in interests, in importance, with his kind—"

"Madam," interrupted Gerald, smiling at the French female-oratory to which he stood so strangely exposed, "although I cannot engage to conduct you to your friends, may I

crave the honour of accompanying you in quest of them?"

"And think you, Sir," the beautiful lady continued, not noticing his attempt to change the subject—"think you that, while the country which such a person gives up, indignantly resents his apostasy, the country he would fain adopt, or rather, which he would crave to adopt him, honours or respects his trifling preference?"

"Or, Madam," again interrupted Gerald, now very briskly, "shall I singly endeavour to find your friends, and direct them to this spot to meet you?"

He was bowing himself away.

"Tarry a moment, Sir," resumed his strange lecturer, as she relaxed into her smiles, and her former playfulness of manner; "I have frightened you, scarecrow that I am"—her laughing eyes met his, and, without the slightest want of female dignity of expression, conveyed a glance that was meant to impart her own unaffected belief that she was not what her words said she was—"I have frightened you; and now you look and act more like an English-

man than like any one else, with your superb manner, and your keeping up your consequence; —but I wish you to remain to hear me tell you—first, that you must be no Englishman; that, in fact, you must be an Irishman; what your birth and your social relations have made you; what, in spite of yourself, you are; and what a certain future event,—a melancholy one, indeed,—by increasing and strengthening your natural connexions with that country, ought to give you a proper ambition to be."

She paused an instant, as if to note the surprise in which Gerald heard the last allusion, that, although vague, and not at all understood by him, seemed to argue, on the part of the lady, some knowledge of who he was.

"A certain future event, Madam!" he repeated, in great interest, while he again advanced; "if you now speak seriously—and I cannot, must not, doubt it—what can you possibly mean?"

"The second reason for which I commanded your stay, Sir," she answered, "was to give you some little proof, that in at all entering into conversation with you, under such peculiar circumstances, I did not follow the mere impulse

of a light head, or act unworthy of my station and social habits, but rather because I had a reasonable motive, arising out of some anxiety for your interests."

"And some knowledge of them, too, Madam?"

"It would so appear."

"I *have* the honour of being known to you, then?" with much eagerness of manner, as he recollected his impression at a first view of the lady.

"Many persons are known *by* me, who know nothing *of* me," she answered, mysteriously, or in affected mystery, while a slight tendency to smile lurked, however, in the dimples round her mouth.

"But surely no person can be aware of having the honour and happiness of being known *by* you, without also wishing and soliciting to know something *of* you," he resumed, his good-humour now restored, and his interest raised to the utmost.

"How can you tell?" she asked, with a solemnity well assumed, if it was not real; "how can you tell—how can you guess the feelings with which you would receive the intimation of

who and what I am? You find me in this ominous solitude; alone and unprotected, raised up before your eyes under the shadow of the cypress-tree, and watching the grave of one who, young and fair like myself, died before her time: are you certain that a true account of my coming here, and of my connexions and nature, would not startle you? I told you I had just parted from my friends in a frolic—will you venture to decide what kind of friends they were? I also said I had done so to shun disagreeable company—can you assure yourself what company I meant?"

"Admirable, Madam!" laughed Gerald, now beginning to suspect that the lady, brilliant and graceful as she was, might be no paragon of female respectability, and only anxious to ascertain if she really knew any thing certain about him; "but I *will* venture even the discovery of some German *diablerie* to ascertain—"

"It is in vain, Sir," she went on: "for the present, you shall not hear my name or quality; enough, that *I* am sure of you; at least I think I am; let me determine; extend your right hand and lay it on that paling:" Gerald extended his right hand, indeed; but it was with

an obvious motion towards laying it on hers—she stepped back, reddened, frowned slightly, and added, in tones of real command; "Sir! no freedom of that kind, or we part at the instant; put down your hand as I have bid you, or keep it at your side."

He at last obeyed, and, peering upon his hand at some distance, she resumed, "Yes, I am right; the lines are here; a recent devotion at a forbidden shrine, at the very moment you seemed to kneel to Heaven; then a duel and a death—Start not, Sir!" he did not merely start, he trembled—"a death? ay, two; and then a more recent evil—sickness, I believe; but here winds the future—does death run in it also?—yes, death, grinning under a coronet."

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed Gerald, not able to repress his sudden and various feelings; "beautiful and surprising creature, you have indeed spelled my recent fortunes; but what terrible prophecy do you make? Come, lady, come," he continued, smiling, after an instant's thought, as he got ashamed of his own ecstasy; "I will give full credit to your skill on what has gone by, because, by some means I cannot guess, you know all about me; and since I am

as well known to you, I swear we do *not* part till—"

"Keep your ground, Sir," she exclaimed again, in a voice and manner that would not be denied; "or," changing into her other kind of seriousness, when she saw he stood checked,—"or, recollect where we are—this," pointing down to it, "this is the grave of *la jeune et belle Justine*, and perhaps I am nearer to my friends than you think of."

"Well, well, Madam; or, if I choose, I may now imagine that shrewd conjecture has helped you by chance to your hints of my past life."

"I know it better than yourself," she said, nodding impressively towards him.

"*My* name, then, you can at least disclose?"

"For the present, I call you by no name; I only ask you, instead, to peruse this;" she handed a paper folded like a letter, blank on the outside, and as he took and glanced at it, added, "but, at our next meeting, I may, perhaps, call you Lord Clangore"—and when Gerald raised up his eyes in surprised and confused inquiry, he only saw her flounce whisking round the corner of the alley where they had stood so long together. He hastened after her.

She was not visible. He ran up and down several of the green and silent avenues of the cemetery. They showed no objects but the urns and monuments of the dead. At last, exhausted with efforts beyond his present state of health, he sat down on some steps that led from the high grounds towards the first little valley of the picturesque as well as most awful solitude.

And here his immediate impulse was to examine the paper that had been placed in his hands. Taking off the blank envelope, he arrived at a curiously folded letter, partly composed of coarse, bluish paper, secured with two large wafers, and directed, in a bold, though unpractised hand, to himself. He opened it, and read as follows:

"To his honor, the Right Hon. Gerald Blount, Esq. London, England.

"Pleas your honor,

"I am a tenant to your honor's brother, the young Lord, lately living on his estate in Ireland, but had the little holding from Mr. Bignell, his Lordship's stewart, a bad and a hard man as ever a poor boy—and I am no more, pleas your

honor, than a boy, though the young wife and a child is depending on me—but what I make bold to ask of your honor is to speak to the young Lord to speak to Mr. Bignell to give me a little time for the last gale, and the one that 's rising, and let us back into the decent cabin that the father before me had many a long day's work to build, when the ground, that was a desert of a place the time he got it, began to be fit for a Christian to live on; I 'd write this to the young Lord himself, only I wrote twice before, and got no answer; and Mr. Bignell, that knew I wrote the last time, is more hard than ever against us. God soften his heart!—for he 's nothing but a cruel man to us, and every one around him, as I said before; and he threatens to let the place to a crony of his, and a stranger to us, your honor; and if I 'm served in this way, banished from the old house entirely, and the young wife and the child on my back, and the wide world before me, what can I do but come to no good in the long run? I often was in arrear as much as I am now, and cleared it, and would this time, only for the bad season; but will, pleas God and your honor, by next winter again. And so, as the word goes here, that your

honor has the kind heart and the just mind, towards all the people you know, at least, if not towards us in Ireland, the Lord in Heaven will give you a reward for helping the misfortunate, that 's left in the hands of a hard man, and the blessings and prayers of the young family will be in store for you, and maybe you 'll save from an ill turn the man that makes bold to send you this, and is your honor's brother's tenant and well-wisher to death,

"MICHAEL FARRELL."

CHAPTER II.

The letter Gerald read did not at all interest him on its own account. Lord Clangore had often told him of such applications from many of his humbler tenantry, which, while they seemed to breathe the very spirit of sincerity, and a wish to act honestly and punctually, were, as his Lordship was well advised by Mr. Bignell, his land-steward, or else by his agent, nothing more than shameless efforts to create continued opportunity for living indolently upon spots of ground they would scarcely culture, and of which they never intended to pay a gale's rent. Indeed, Gerald thought, that the name "Michael Farrell," signed to the petition now in his hand, had before come under his observation; when, perhaps, after receiving the former letters alluded to by the writer, Lord Clangore had wished him to mark how adroitly an Irish knave could

represent himself as the injured party, at the very moment he was cajoling and injuring others. The pitiful story of the "young wife and child," had, therefore, no effect upon Gerald's sympathy; and he at once dismissed from his mind the ingenious Mr. Michael Farrell, and all that concerned him. It was a question of much greater interest to ask how such a document came into the hands of the strange and lovely person by whom it had been presented. What connexion could exist between a fashionable Parisian lady, and a small farmer in the wilds of Ireland, seemed sufficiently surprising; as much so, indeed, as did every thing else Gerald recollected of his new acquaintance; as her knowledge of him, and of his recent adventures, and, above all, the prophecy contained in her words at parting.

Was his brother, Lord Clangore, really ill? and had this lady learned the fact, while it was studiously concealed, out of motives of delicacy, perhaps, to his own state of health, from Gerald's ears? and was his Lordship indisposed to the serious extent upon which she seemed to build her augury?

In good time, his friend Flood ascended,

from the lower grounds of the cemetery to the place where he sat. The military coxcomb toiled slowly up the height, with an unelastic step and half bent back, as if he suffered from fatigue of mind and body. At a nearer approach it was, indeed, easy to perceive that his limbs were weary, and his temper as much discomposed as his affected indifference to agitation of any kind would allow to become visible.

"Diavolo, old schoolfellow!" he began, as soon as he was able to reach the last of the steps upon which Gerald rested, at the same time drawing out a thin cambric handkerchief, surcharged with an essence that sent perfume among the dwellings of the sleepers around, and then, after many delicate efforts, seating himself, his back turned to his friend—"Diavolo, good Blount! and that is one of the unnameable words disguised in a foreign tongue, else had mine never uttered it; but, Diavolo, and Diable, and Der Deyvil—the same, thrice disguised—may it be remotely demanded or solicited, why you did not keep your post till I came back on the relief? Let me be dissolved in an exceedingly subtile preparation

of aromatic fluid, if I do not incline to be harassed, at the present moment, with the monstrously unusual forced march of trying to make you out, among this very absurd accumulation of labyrinths, and all the while encumbered with boots, the shade of a delicate thought too tight; spurs, such as one must wear; an inverted cone for a cap; and belts, sash, swinging sabre, and cossacks."

"How did you bear the long marches in the Peninsula, Flood?" asked Gerald, amused for a moment out of his serious mood, and intended serious question.

"*We* never bore them."

"Who then?"

"Mules, mules always—them and *us* together. But pray, now, too well-esteemed Blount, shatter me not with questions, after permitting me to approach the utmost verge of exhaustion, very superfluously, in your service."

"All in *my* service, Flood? but no matter," curbing his slight inclination to smile; "of that presently, if circumstances, or rather the information I expect from you, permit our recurrence to a playful subject."

"He continues—" interrupted Flood—"he

puts to death, slowly—I will not listen, very positively—" raising his hands to his ears.

" Flood," controlling his action, and seizing his arm, " you do not suspect my question —my brother has been ill?"

" And who gave you that intimation?" asked Flood, surprised out of his languor.

" Perhaps I may tell you; but first——"

" When did you receive it?"

" To-day; within half an hour."

" Since we parted? In this French place?"

" In this cemetery, since we parted."

Flood looked posed; then interested, as if with a new thought; then suspicious; and at length resumed.

" The kind of informant?"

" You break, or rather reject, the covenant I would impose; I am not to answer you, if at all, until you answer me."

" By an incalculably remote possibility, good Blount, and in vague recollection of the manner in which Winyard happened to get *his* intimation, the informant may have been—this is so peculiarly the place for it—may have been—your brother himself?"

" What!" cried Gerald, remembering the

extraordinary, if not fearful anecdote; "has Lord Clangore been indeed so indisposed as to warrant your allusion?—and to that extent, indeed, have I been instructed."

"It may be insinuated, then, that yours was, in a degree, a 'juggling fiend,' fellow-student, inasmuch as Lord Clangore—(I have a notion, but all this is so egregiously tiresome)—though an invalid, during, I venture to say, the very period of your absurd relapse, now enjoys, or progresses towards the enjoyment of exceedingly robust health."

Flood languidly, and, owing to the braced condition of his body and limbs, with much difficulty, conveyed his hand into his pocket and produced a letter, of which the superscription, directed to Gerald, was in the handwriting of Lord Clangore; and he carelessly added that, having received it that morning, he forbore giving it to his friend, until, after prescribed locomotion in the open air, Gerald should attain a sufficient strength of nerve to receive, like a person of his usual good sense, a little historical intimation of the whole matter.

The letter contained assurances from Lord Clangore that his late attack had almost wholly

subsided; it was dated but three days back; the lady-prophetess, unless, indeed, she obtained her knowledge of events by some of the means to which she had pretended, could not have received later advices from London; consequently her augury was only founded upon his Lordship's first indisposition, and, to Gerald's great relief, went for nothing.

"And, well," he resumed, "this enables me to gratify you, Flood, as to the kind of familiar who anticipated your tardy post-delivery. She——"

"It *was* a she?" questioned Flood, staring up into Gerald's face.

"Ay, and one of the divinest she's."

"Long on the list of your acquaintances?"

"Not there yet: for though she knows every thing about me, I am to this moment ignorant of her name."

"But you have passingly regarded her before?"

"Never, before."

"Indicate her appearance, excellent Blount."

"Young, lovely, blooming, tall, graceful, French——"

"Originate, rather, some faint notion of her

costume; that's the touchstone of female identity."

"I really never took notice."

"Very like you, fellow-student. Suffer your tired friend to attempt a sketch. *Chapeau à la casque;* robe, *couleur de rose;* flounces *en reviere;* in hand a parasol, sea-green; fringe much darker, and lined with French white; on neck a double gold chain; gloves, carnation; stockings, open-wrought; shoes, crimson—(an oversight—only weigh the robe)—and pendants—"

"Enough. That's my Ariel."

"It is, is it? Then it's mine, too."

"Indeed! perhaps the lady you spoke of, before we parted to-day?"

"Convincingly the same. And the same who remotely caused us to part."

"Did you, immediately after, meet her?"

"Not very immediately. Not, I have a notion, even contingently. To approach positive statement—not at all. You may, it seems to me, call to mind, that three ladies stood at the top of the path, as your admirer and well-wisher left your side. Of those three, she was one. When, about the middle of my progress up the path, I stooped my head to assist my

hand in disengaging, as I fancy, my sabre point from my spurs, and raised it up again, all were in rather precipitate motion onward. I may assert, that I proportionately quickened my pace; but before I gained the point where the alley branched off in two or three directions, her friends took one way, and herself another; and she, I am rather confident, might be said to have tripped off, very fleetly, and slightly laughing as she did so. Notwithstanding the laugh, or, as it may be translated, titter, I ventured to flatter myself that I had received a vastly pretty invitation to pursue and overtake her alone. Accordingly, I summed up the utmost speed of man, along the path it did seem to me she had adopted. You know the rather mortifying and inconvenient result; for though, from that moment to the present one, I might be permitted safely to suppose, that I have twice traversed every nook of this rather unseemly scene for gentle or sportive exercise, it is insufferably true, I might as well have been taking my ease (I do wish for my meershaum) upon the very obdurate surface of these steps."

"So, Flood, so much for your hard campaigning in my service; but let that pass:—

I shall only observe, that while you were vainly seeking her, I was conversing with her."

"A passing word, in which, by some very unhallowed agency, we venture to conclude, she merely hinted the late indisposition of your brother?"

"A volume, from which I learned much more than that."

"For how long a period of my absence, worthy fellow, did you in reality hold her in discourse?"

"During the whole of it, at least to within a minute of your re-appearance here."

"In good earnest? Diavolo. How near to her all the time?"

"Generally speaking, we stood side by side."

"'I prithee do not mock me, fellow-student.'"

"Ay; and once she insisted on my extending my hand."

"Der deyvil."

"And when at last she was compelled to part, left me a letter directed to myself to console me in her absence."

"Touching what?"

"Excuse me."

"Worthy person, I esteem you well; for

your veracious habits of speech, as well as for many other qualities, do I esteem you: but, oldest friend, that interesting individual is rather exclusively my property, at least in reversion, hope, and prospects; I saw her first; I condescend to allow her some merit first; she was even my theme to yourself before your very astounding interview with her; therefore, beware. Reflect and reason, thou soul of honour: wrong not your Damon, your Orestes, your Nisus, your Jonathan; touch him not in the rather tender point of this passing fancy; tempt him not; wrath him not; else will it rather undoubtedly come to pass, that he must engage in the taking away of your precious and, partly by his ministry, lately preserved life."

Gerald laughed, as it was intended he should; but still indulged himself in keeping up the rare occurrence of curiosity and piqued interest in his amusing rival; indeed, were it but for the sake of exercise to his natural feelings, and the good it was like to do them, Gerald thought he ought not to abate the excitement; and supposing him even to give pain, why, after all, it was only breaking the butterfly on the wheel.

He would therefore enter into no detail of his conversation with the object of their mutual interest, beyond what he had already supplied; namely, her knowledge of who and what he was; her allusion—(for Gerald suppressed her prophecy)—to Lord Clangore's illness; and her delivery of the latter at parting.

Yet, economical as Gerald was in communicating information to his friend, it became equally his policy to get from that friend as much as he could upon a certain point. Nothing connected with the whole adventure seemed of such importance as to ascertain the name and connexions of the lovely lady; and on these matters, Flood must, of course, be enlightened. Some tact was required to secure Gerald success. The strange compound of coxcombry, good-nature, and good-sense, was as shrewd as he was laughable; and if he suspected Gerald's anxiety, or was presented with it in but one little word, would undoubtedly take revenge, by repaying caution for caution, or, perhaps, even not hesitate to puzzle him by a fanciful representation.

Watching his opportunity, however, and, indeed, partly forming it, Gerald did succeed

in obtaining all that Flood could say on this head; and he was not a little surprised that *that* "all" just amounted to nothing. In fact, the hero had never been presented to the lady; had never met her in society; did not know any one that knew her; and, much inferior in experience to his rival, had never even heard the sound of her voice, unless in the laugh or titter with which he had an hour before been honoured.

"What, then?" Gerald asked, in much admiration.

"Naught: except that at St. Cloud, upon one of those tiresome fête days, while the very stupid water-works were spouting and splashing about, he had, if he distinctly recollected, originally seen the individual, in a great crowd, and a great way off; and then, for that time, lost sight of her. Her next revelation of her person to his eyes might have taken place amid the very vulgar throngs of Le Jardin des Plantes, when, supposing his memory still to bear him out, he encountered her, in a somewhat agitated condition, stepping back from a previously-unseen-too-close-proximity to one of the unmeaning wild

beasts the people cage up there, and went to the trouble of offering his hand, and saying, 'permit me,' with a view of conducting her to a less disagreeable and more retired portion of the gardens; but she stepped back on the wild beast from him, looking scarlet and angry, and seemed to join some friends, and, after she and they had surveyed him all over, and, as he was about to saunter away, very tired of the whole thing, she smiled. And his third and, until the re-encounter of to-day, last view of her, was in the church of St. Roch, into which he had sauntered, of a Sunday, as if to look for some of the balls Buonaparte had shot at it from the Pont Neuf; and there she appeared, near the grand altar, and caught his eye, and whispered aside to her perpetual friends, the moment he came in; and when an exceedingly officious person, habited somewhat like an English Sunday beadle, walked up to him, and intimated a desire that he would be uncovered, "*dans la Maison de Dieu*," he could perceive her smile again, and her good-humour was especially visible, when, in consequence of his very sensible inattention to the beadle's impertinence, he was rather compelled, by that

foolish person, and others, to withdraw from the church. Then he watched at the entrance till the people came out; but the amazingly interesting young woman escaped him."

And, from the downright sincerity of manner with which Flood spoke, Gerald became convinced that he could yield no farther information.

They left Père la Chaise.

CHAPTER III.

Upon their return into Paris, the friends found that the rumours, to which Gerald had in the morning alluded, were now more generally afloat; and though people did not speak openly or loudly, their countenances told their wonder and anxiety.

Flood took leave of Gerald next day, to meet his father, Sir Robert, in London. He could with difficulty obtain a place in a public conveyance for Calais or Boulogne; so ardent, already, were the more sensitive English, in running from the threatened danger. Gerald, now almost alone, soon left Paris, too; but it was merely in an impulse for change of place, and in the hope of diverting his continued melancholy.

As he passed the Place du Carousel for the last time, part of the expected event occurred.

Royal carriages dashed out of the Thuilleries, and in one of them he caught a glance of the features of Louis, relaxed and livid with agitation. His eyes fell upon the two sentinels at either side of the great archway. He had always thought that there was some bad arrangement in mounting together, upon all the posts of Royal guard, a red and a blue jacket: it seemed to augur doubt as well as gratitude, on the part of the restored race; and neither of the sentinels could recollect much, Gerald thought, to make him friendly with his comrade. Now, as, after their "present arms," he observed the Swiss and the Frenchman, he believed that the one looked dubious and alarmed, and the other excited and threatening.

Continuing his route, Gerald, to hold himself in readiness for an expected result, proceeded southward, along the Coast, and arrived at Brest. But few days elapsed till it was known that the Eagle of Elba had, indeed, winged his unobstructed way back again to his metropolitan eyrie, and once more perched upon his pillar in the Place Vendôme. It became necessary for all the English in France to return to their own country; and, with crowds of others, Gerald

engaged his passage in a merchantman at Brest, intending to make Bristol from that port.

Amid the confusion and rejoicings that reigned around him, before his embarkation, a matter of a different kind interested Gerald. A procession, displaying the *tri-color*, passed through the streets, attended by bands of music. The windows were crowded with ladies, waving their handkerchiefs, and decorated with the revived badge of the chieftain Emperor. In one window, a group of fair enthusiasts were particularly vivacious in evincing their good will; and Gerald started to recognize among them his strange acquaintance of Père la Chaise. As his eyes fixed on her face, from a point almost under her, she looked down, and in turn recognized him. He ventured to bow; she returned his salutation, smiled archly, and unpinning a Napoleon knot from her shoulder, dropped it upon his head. The crowd pushed him aside; he was obliged to change his place, and when he next looked towards the window, it was closed, and none of its former occupants to be seen.

He had received notice that the merchantman would leave Brest at an early hour next morn-

ing. Gerald overslept himself, as also did his valet, and both arrived at the water's edge only to witness the vessel on her way, in full sail, about a mile and a half out. Boatmen offered to row him to her side; he accepted the proposal; his luggage was tumbled into a six-oared boat, and in less than half an hour he was within talking distance of the merchantman. But she would not, or could not abate one knot for him, nor furl an inch of canvass; he might clamber up the gangway if he was able, and that was all.

Mortified and vexed, and a little put out of countenance at finding himself an evident object of merriment to the deck full of passengers, Gerald stood a moment silent and inactive, and his men rested on their oars. The packet was again ploughing away, ere the boat made a renewed effort to get alongside of her. At last, however, his six stout rowers accomplished their task, as well as they were able, for it blew very fresh, and the waves were high and quick, and they durst not, for some time, shoot under the gangway. But by the aid of a rope flung to them, they finally were so situated as to commence throwing Gerald's luggage on board. He paid them, and tried to ascend himself.

Not being much inured to exertions of the kind, he was awkward, perhaps timid. The hands on the deck of the merchantman spoke roughly to him; his own rowers exhorted in no gentler voice and manner; the passengers smiled, nay, some laughed; he lost his presence of mind, a high swell took his boat, he let go the rope from the gangway; there was a titter even among the ladies, and one of the ladies Gerald thought he knew; he fell back; that lady's smile changed into a shriek of terror; his head, coming against the side of the boat, lost, for a moment, its powers for farther observation; and when he fully regained his senses, he was on his way to shore, the ship gone off beyond present hope, and part of his luggage with it.

Not quite tranquillized from the effects of this petty annoyance, Gerald really embarked for England the next day, in another vessel, that also proposed to make Bristol.

Though compelled to return to English ground, it was not Gerald's intention to proceed to London. He rather planned to penetrate into the magnificent solitudes of North Wales, and there, still separated from all former scenes and associates, wear out, gradually and natu-

rally, the terrible impressions both were calculated to keep up. He had thought of Ireland, as, from its remoteness, even better suited to his design, but he could not bring his mind to contemplate a visit to that country. His early prejudices to such a step remained in all their force, and recent events added to them. The reader has seen him attribute to Lady Cox's Irish feeling and education, much of her first vehemence; and although, since the miserable results of that vehemence, he had not as directly scrutinized *her* conduct, he irresistibly assured himself, now and then, that if her Irish relation, young Captain Stanhope, and her Irish husband, Sir Richard, had only been a little less national, the one in his precipitancy, and the other in his monstrous notions of vengeance, the whole of the tragedy in which he had acted a part never to be forgotten, might have been spared to him and to the world.

He shrunk, therefore, even from the English-Irish, who, living in Ireland, could present such untameable characteristics. Nor would he run the risk of meeting, in that country, any of the unfortunate lady's friends. And there were other reasons still to confirm his objections.

Within the last few days, he had received a letter from Lord Clangore, which advised him, that the whole district of Ireland in which lay their different estates, was in a flame of Rockite insurrection, marked by the most ferocious outrage. If Gerald went to Ireland at all, he must visit his estate, or at least become closely and disagreeably connected with the occurrences that took place upon it; and in some personal misgiving, as well as in utter disgust, this he would not venture to do. Indeed, it did not seem probable, particularly after the neglect shown by his noble brother and himself to the idle applications of their humbler tenantry,—now, he concluded, swelling the ranks of Captain Rock,—that his person could be safe in such an experiment.

To Wales, then, since he could not stay in France, Gerald determined to repair.

The little vessel in which he had embarked began her voyage under a fair wind for cutting across the mouth of the Channel towards the Land's End. Though a fair wind, it was however, like that experienced by the merchantman of the day before, a high one. And after coming in sight of the English shore, and when her

tack was now to double the Land's End, and then coast along to the Bristol Channel, the breeze proved less favourable, of course, though still holding steady in its point.

In a few hours it began to blow a gale, and from the most contrary quarter too. They made little way, against a surfy tide, just as they strove to double the promontory, and night fell, to increase the difficulty and probable danger of their situation. The gale grew furious, but now, fortunately as the seamen deemed, blew them out from the Cornish coast, and up the Channel. In the pitch darkness of such a night, the captain would not think of running into shore, and his only or best hope was to trust to as much open sea as he could find. It soon became a question, however, if his vessel could live out the night. Masts were cut away, and the hold lightened. Gerald, so lately escaped from death, in more than one shape, and in more than one kind of situation, again contemplated the grim despot, in perhaps his most horrible approach. Holding by the remains of cordage on deck, while female passengers screamed aloud, and the bravest men wept, thinking of their homes; and while the rain

drenched him, and the gale seemed to tug at his grasp on the cordage, as if to hurl him overboard; and while dreary glimpses of the lights from either shore, as the almost helpless hulk was now driven leagues in one direction, now in another, mocked the eyes and hopes of the agonized passengers; thus standing, Gerald felt that death in the field, or on the raving bed, or by any hap which, so far as he knew or recollected, poor "flesh is heir to," would be mercy to the bleak and desolate destruction which at last seemed his doom.

Many were swept into the raging sea; his valet, among the number, from Gerald's side. His own desperate impulse to plunge headlong after, and so lessen the period of, he concluded, useless suffering, was checked by a superior horror. A score of tongues roared out, "A light, ahead!" and the cry had scarcely escaped, to be smothered by the gale, when the vessel struck against another. Voice and breath were now held in, for an instant, to enable the crew and passengers to note the result. From the tremendous burst of shriek and groan that was heard under their prow, then the as tremendous silence, and then the strange motion of their hulk,

as the annihilated vessel passed grating under the bottom of her destroyer, with all her souls, into the depths of the sea; from all these sounds, it was quickly known that one cargo of human beings had escaped immediate death only by causing the destruction of another—from these sounds, I say; for nothing but a glimpse of the light ahead had been seen; no ship, no mast, not a human being. Within the little space of half a minute the whole appalling event had occurred, and passed away, from darkness and tempest, into mystery, silence, and eternity.

Gerald and his companions had not time to know whether they should most indulge a selfish joy at such a hair-breadth escape, or a more magnanimous commiseration for the wretches they had unconsciously destroyed, when it was ascertained that their own keel had not escaped injury from the accident. In fact, the cabins rapidly filled with water, and the few females, whom terror or force had compelled to remain below, ran up to deck, wringing their hands, and uttering the most heart-rending prayers and lamentations. The horror of that blackened and despairing deck grew too great and confused for observation. Yet, in this climax of danger, Gerald was

awake, more than at any former period of his peril, to the hope for life, and to the efforts suggested by it. The seamen let down a boat, without advising the passengers of their proceeding. He watched them, however, and as it tossed, overloaded, under the spot where he stood, Gerald, grasping a pistol in his hand, the better to enforce his claim, jumped in amongst them. In a few minutes afterwards, the wreck he had left disappeared, with another blood-curdling cry from its deck, into the dark and cold depths of the ocean.

The men amongst whom he found himself pulled for life and death; though, as was evident from their few and hurried words, they did not know in what direction. Many a sea went over them, to diminish their still despairing numbers; but the good little boat lived on for more than an hour amid unabated tempest. Then the gale began to sink; the waves to grow less; the clouds to break, and the white stars to peep out between their racking masses. In another hour, the water promised to grow comparatively calm, and the moon rose over a distant inequality of line, that the seamen knew must be land.

Gerald, asked what land? they could not positively inform him, but some part of the Welsh coast it must be; and they resolved not to make for it till broad daylight. In fact, none of the crew, whose duty and habits should have enabled them more certainly to determine the question, had escaped in the boat; and though aware of this, and also aware that their terror and confusion had deprived them of all ordinary power of calculation, Gerald was obliged to content himself with the vague and even hesitating information supplied by his companions.

Almost a perfect calm succeeded to the horrors of the night, and he urged them to give up their former resolution, and pull towards the distant shore; but having ascertained that a strong tide would accompany them, the men continued positive in not taking their chance, perhaps among the breakers of a rocky coast, where, even without much wind, their little craft might be dashed to pieces. So, while the moon now shone out gloriously on the broad stilled sea, they would do no more than keep the land in view, rowing up and down, with slackened oars, and at length

finding breath and heart to converse freely upon the perils they had escaped, and that so many others had perished in.

But, alas! what appearance or promise of human safety is most to be trusted to? There sometimes lurks in the calm moonshine as much of doom, as roars and blusters through a hurricane sky. While their conversation went on, Gerald saw something white, straight ahead; and when the men more firmly grasped their oars to avoid what obviously to them was a rock, with breakers bounding over it, they found that, for some time, the strong tide had been urging them in that very direction, and that they had now to contend, not only with the tide, but with a kind of whirlpool-influence, which this partial agitation of the sea created, and which was also tempting them to their fate. They strained and tugged; one oar, out of four, snapped across, and its man, propelled by the sudden reaction, fell among the first of the surf. The remainder, after some useless repetitions of strength—they could exert little skill, for their rudder had been lost—stripped, and prepared to swim. Gerald, as good a swimmer as any among them, follow-

ed their example. But he had but half proceeded in his task, when the whirling boat approached the very point of danger, and he unconsciously held fast by its sides, and kept in his breath to await the issue. It struck once, and, jumping out of the water, receded from the rock. It spun round again, struck a second time, and Gerald was buffeting the breakers. He retained, in a degree, his presence of mind, and, keeping his eye fixed on land, swam, though not full of hopes, towards it.

He feared the distance; or that, from his late illness, if from no other cause, he must become exhausted and sink, ere he could feel a strand under his feet. But the distance was less than he thought; the indistinctness of the land, produced by night, even though the moon shone clear, deceived his inexperienced eye; and he was not yet sufficiently aware what efforts for preservation nature will make in the heart and through the nerves of a drowning man, even supposing that man not to enjoy his wonted vigour. Gerald swam more than two miles, sometimes relieving himself, as good swimmers can do, by floating idly on his back, ere he felt any, or much relaxation of muscle.

Then, however, when he reckoned that he had at least as far again to struggle, he began, with some reason, to doubt and fear in good earnest. Yet he held on, still relieving himself as before; and another mile might have been mastered, when he felt his heart tell him that he was unequal to the remaining exertion, and must sink. He shouted loud, in the hope that some one might by chance hear him from the shore. He thought that, after a pause, shrill voices answered him. He summed up a last attempt. It was just spent, when some planks of the boat drifted past him. He was able to throw his breast upon them, and grasp them hard. The tide now stood his friend. By little and little he neared the land; the shrill cries became more distinct, still in reply to his hoarse ones. At length he thought he could discern a group of persons on a shingly beach: but at this moment a swell bore him rapidly forward; his head struck smartly against a stone that pushed out of the water; he allowed his feet to drop, and felt ground; and joy, and another little buffet, deprived him of perception.

He recovered his senses at the edge of the

sea, upon the shingles he had before observed, among a crowd of women, one of whom knelt and supported his head on her knee, while two or three bent over him, and the rest stood around, conversing in whispers, which seemed breathed in a frightened cadence. To the latest hour of his life, Gerald never forgot the impression made by his wild and peculiar situation at that moment: the mighty sea before him, from which he had just been rescued, the spreading shore, the silent moonlight, and those strange women.

Great exhaustion succeeded to his recent extraordinary efforts for life, and a minute elapsed, ere he could stir even his head to look up into the faces that watched him. The moment his eye fixed on the nearest to its vision, Gerald started throughout his whole languid frame, and the sudden agitation overpowered him. When he again could make an observation, female features still appeared, indeed, in the same proximity to his, but now produced no astonishment. In fact, they were not the same features; or, if they were, his enfeebled eye had shaped them, in the first instance, into a likeness to those which, during the last few

days, possessed his thoughts with an interest at once pleasurable and irritating.

He peered closer into the attentive face, then looked all around, and became assured that he must have been mistaken. Even when he imagined that the genius of Père la Chaise had been bending over him, the vision wore the same ample-hooded, scarlet cloak as that worn by the other females of the group; and as (although it was a mode of costume quite new to Gerald's eye) this dress appeared to denote vulgar or common rank in the wearers, he could not, for an instant, suppose that the fashionably-attired lady, of whom he had been raving, would, under any circumstances, adopt it.

His quick reasonings on the subject having been concluded, Gerald next demanded, in a feeble tone, of one of his seemingly anxious nurses, upon what part of the Welsh coast he then was?

Two or three voices sounded as if in answer, but of the language spoken Gerald did not comprehend a word. From all he had previously heard, however, it was Welsh: and at all events, though abounding in gutturals, its cadences fell kindly on his ear.

"Does no person about me understand English?" again demanded Gerald.

And again more than one of the women replied in their unknown tongue; and then they all conversed fluently with each other, while the female who supported his head on her knee, and the two nearest to her, wrapped more carefully around him the large scarlet mantle in which, it would seem, he had regained his consciousness among them, and which must have been supplied by one of their party.

Weak and overpowered as he was, he could not help wondering what all this was to end in. But he was not long permitted to wonder in inaction. Of the whole group of females, all seemed tall or robust. Four of the strongest approached him, preparing for some feat of bodily exertion by winding, so as to leave them bare and at freedom, the skirts of their flowing cloaks round their arms. Then, amid continued loud talking, that—(as if at liberty to do so, when he seemed out of danger)—now sounded rather mirthfully, they proceeded to support him to his feet, and, finally, crossing each other's arms, and clasping each other's hands, two at a side, formed a kind of litter, palanquin, or arm-chair,

into which their companions lifted him; and thus, not unpleasantly, though so curiously seated, while his own feeble arms were carefully adjusted round the young and soft necks of two of his zealous porters, Gerald soon found himself in motion from the shingly beach, surrounded by all his new friends, one excepted, who, during the entire previous scene, had stood aside, and now, at some distance in the moonshine, seemed to lead the way, in whatever direction it had been agreed should be taken.

A very humble and lonely cottage appeared in view, into which this female entered, making a signal at the threshold to those behind: and Gerald, still borne by his robust maidens, found himself, in a few minutes, beneath an unceiled, smoky roof, which overhung a broken earthen floor, and was supported by bare and rude walls, against which, or along which, few articles of the commonest domestic furniture could be discovered. A fire seemed to have just been kindled on the bleak though ample hearth, and a single rushlight, literally a rush greased over, added its tributary ray to illuminate the apartment. Looking closer by the walls, Gerald saw two lowly couches, made up on the floor, from

beneath the rugs of which peeped the eyes and noses of four or five children, of different ages, and one or two grown girls. A middle-aged woman, another girl of about eighteen, and an old grandame, were up to receive him, the female who had led the party to the hovel, not now appearing, however; and this surprised Gerald.

But he was most surprised to recollect and observe that, from the moment he regained his senses on the shingles, no male person had met his view, either there, or on the path to this place of shelter, or now, even under its roof. Perhaps, however, the men of the establishment might be asleep in a kind of inner-room, formed by a wicker-work partition, cutting off part of this one, and leaving, for ingress, an open space, in lieu of door. He was soon enabled to decide: for his porters scarcely paused an instant to exchange a few words, still in their strange language, with the woman of the house, when they conveyed him into that same confined nook, and placing him upon a bed, also stretched upon the bare floor, left him to the care of the old grandame, and, with many sly glances and titters, disappeared.

Still he vainly looked round him in the hope of discovering a person of his own sex. He had read, in a fanciful story, of an island or country possessed and governed exclusively by women, and now he seemed to be the hero of a sequel to that curious romance.

The old crone who had been left with him motioned that he should divest himself of the few drenched articles of dress with which he had escaped from the sea. He hesitated, perhaps not half understanding her. She advanced to his lowly couch, and carefully covering him with its coarse blue rug, proceeded to possess herself of those matters with her own hands. Then she gave him a dry mantle, of the same description as that in which he had been borne from the beach, and again intimating, by signs, that he should wrap himself closely in it, withdrew.

While endeavouring to obey her commands, Gerald's exhaustion, hitherto diverted in an effort to observe the persons and occurrences by which he found himself surrounded, once more overcame him, and he sank, senseless, on his straw pallet.

When again able to recollect himself, he saw

his arbitrary old nurse by his side, holding a bottle and a glass, and the not disagreeable sensations of his body told him that some strong stimulant had been administered, in order to call him back to life. Again she filled the glass, and offered it to him. He took it, and at a glance ascertaining that it was red wine, did not hesitate to pledge her. How such wretched people could, in a district so seemingly lonely, command, for his use, the good beverage, appeared surprising; but Gerald did not long allow the thought to embarrass his mind. A stronger sentiment absorbed it.

In fact, he felt very hungry, and by the simple gesticulation of pointing his finger to his mouth, gave the old woman to understand as much. She quitted him, and soon returned with an ample supply of food, such, it again seemed, as the circumstances of the people of the house could not have warranted him to expect. But Gerald proved no more curious on this point than he had upon the question of the good glass of old port a few minutes before; he only made a hearty supper, helped himself to one or two additional bumpers from the mys-

terious bottle, and then, feeling comfortably drowsy, prepared to fall asleep.

His nurse over-ruled him, and called into the outer room. The woman of the house entered; both raised him, well wrapped in his cloak; walked him to the kitchen hearth; placed him, sitting upon a low stool, at a blazing wood-fire; retired into his chamber; after some time re-appeared; helped him back again; and Gerald now found his straw covered with good white blankets, to which were added white sheets, also of a fine texture; and when, after many curtsies, and, he supposed, hearty prayers, in their unknown language, for his good repose, and good health in the morning, the two grooms of the chamber seemed finally to bid him adieu for the short remainder of the night—Gerald, to his increased surprise, found a respectable suit of clothes, including boots, a hat, and even gloves, deposited upon an old chair, by his bed-side; and an under garment, still of a texture and cut such as a gentleman might wear, spread out, ready for his adoption, on the bolster.

"Generous, though despotic, and most un-accountable women!" thought Gerald, as he

prepared to habit himself comfortably for repose, but his curiosity and surprise were yet to be fully aroused.

As he touched the article of dress which lay at the head of his couch, a sealed note fell from it on the ground. Gerald, first hastening to lie down, brought the note with him, and by the glimmer of his rushlight read as follows :—

"You have friends near you ; though, if you imprudently discover your name, perhaps none among the poor people, who, for the present, immediately surround you. Therefore you are called upon to act prudently. Let no one know you are the Honourable Gerald Blount. During the night you will stand little chance of being questioned ; the writer of this billet can influence all who *now* are near you ; but new faces may appear in the morning, and then you have to hold your own. It will, however, only be necessary to disguise your name and quality, and speak civilly to every one, and you can be in no danger. Meantime, whatever you may suspect, do not stir from your present retreat before three o'clock to-morrow, or rather three o'clock this day, for the winter morning will

soon break, and by that hour a sincere friend may appear."

This note was written in a kind of hand that left in doubt the rank of the writer. It was elaborately penned, every letter fully shaped, and the down-strokes long and almost perpendicular. One can generally decide whether a billet comes from a man or a woman, a gentleman or a lady; but, in the present instance, Gerald was farther at a loss to determine this important question.

In very natural astonishment, and some misgivings, he resolved, however, literally to follow the advice of the unknown writer. After the warning received, he certainly would be in no hurry to trumpet out his own name and quality; and, as a first precaution against discovery, he tore the note into little bits, and burned them separately at the feeble flame of his rushlight.

What were "the new faces that might appear in the morning?" Conjecture ran wild. Gerald, at all events, would be on the watch for them. Much as he wanted repose, he would not close his eyes, and for some time he succeeded in keeping this resolution; but the grateful glow

sent through his frame by the active and combined operation of all his late accession of comforts, aided the cravings of still exhausted nature, in taking him by surprise, and, in less than half an hour, he slept profoundly.

A brisk wintry sunbeam, darting through a small open hole, in one side of his bed-chamber, straight upon his closed lids, suddenly awoke him, at he could not tell what hour; but the short, quick steps of women in the outer room, and the crying of children, told him it must be far advanced in the morning.

He started, on his straw-couch, as a glancing combination of mind informed him of a crowd of late and terrible events, and of his present strange situation. Next, he remembered the note he had read before he fell asleep. The promised "new faces" again occurred; his eye involuntarily strayed round in quest of them, and, somewhat to Gerald's consternation, it did not stray round in vain.

At the end of the nook in which he lay, exactly opposite his bed ,was a very large chest, rudely constructed, even when it had been new, and now showing chinks and other marks of decay; its lid measured, at least, six feet in length,

and three in breadth; and upon this lid, seemingly in deep sleep, were stretched two men, one about fifty-five, the other a youth about twenty; but his exact years could not be so accurately guessed at by Gerald, for the following reasons:—

While the elderly man lay, almost crushed, against the rough wall, at the far verge of the chest-lid, his features fully visible, the junior faced him, of course with his back to Gerald—so that, except his roundish and smooth cheek, no part of his visage could be studied. And while they thus slept on, face to face, Gerald observed that the arms of the former encircled the body of the latter, perhaps in a precaution, before they sunk into sleep, to keep him from rolling off the chest upon the floor. Nay, even their nether limbs intertwined, as if for the same purpose.

Gerald fixed his regards on the countenance perfectly exposed to his criticism. It was spare, strongly-marked, care-worn, haggard. The bushy brows were bent, the greyish hair in disorder, the chin unshorn, and he thought that it seemed to have subsided into repose, at an unlawful hour, freshly agitated with effort and

passion. This idea became strengthened when he saw that the rude peasant clothes of both sleepers, and particularly their stockings and shoes, were covered with, it would seem, the wet soil of the fields, not yet allowed time to dry and harden.

As he continued, in breathless interest, to make his observations, two new discoveries brought conviction on the point. From the bosom of the elderly man peeped the brass-mounted handle of a large pistol; and Gerald had not recovered from the start its appearance occasioned, ere he saw that one of the arms of the younger peasant hung, disengaged from the loose coat that covered the rest of his person, drooping over the chest; that it was bandaged; and that the bandage, as well as the shirt-sleeve, still oozed blood.

"And here," thought Gerald, "are specimens of the new faces I was so anxious about;" nor did he fail to remember his other anxiety to see one of his own sex near him, the night before, nor to conclude that, after all, he might have contented himself with his gentler protectors, and given such solicitude to the winds.

It was plain, he argued, that he had fallen

under the care of the females of part of a band of plunderers—smugglers, perhaps—during the absence of the principals from home upon business of their vocation. The readiness with which he had received, at the hands of the women of the house, costly refreshments, much beyond their visible means to procure, now seemed explained. And having formerly understood that, on smuggling coasts, upon occasions when a contraband cargo is, as the phrase goes, to be "worked," the women of the district crowd down to bear a hand, Gerald readily accounted for the appearance of his preservers on the shingly beach. As to the note, his distress had interested, no doubt, some female of consideration among them; and she, calculating the circumstances that the morning must produce, had written it to put him on his guard.

He would most certainly persevere in his resolution to observe the first caution it contained; additional good reasons for such a course staring him in the face. But, regarding the second admonition, Gerald hesitated. Provided he would tarry where he was till three o'clock, the writer promised that "a sincere friend" should appear before him. What friend?—in a place

and situation where he must be totally unknown and unconnected, this sounded foolishly; and prudence forbade him to waive, in hopes of the occurrence of a great improbability, any fair chance of removing himself to a safer or more congenial asylum, which, between the present time and three o'clock, might fortunately occur.

And yet here he started and wavered once again. *Was* he "totally unknown" in his present neighbourhood, whatever it might be?—no; not "totally;" the writer of the note knew him well: and how could he say but others were in the secret, no matter how it had been obtained? And how had even the writer obtained it? This was a question that, at the moment he perused the billet, certainly occurred to Gerald, but he had allowed it to become absorbed in others of greater interest. Now, however, it re-produced itself, as the most interesting one he could agitate. What! was the face that, at the moment of his resuscitation on the shingles, had floated before his eyes or his fancy, no vision, after all?—Was the writer, and the prophetess of Père la Chaise, one and the same individual?—Impossible: he was again but sporting with the difficult realities of his situation;

and, in order to enable himself rationally to meet whatever awaited him, he would dismiss the illusion from his mind.

So sound and unbroken was the sleep of his two fearful and unconscious companions on the chest, that, during more than the lapse of half an hour, Gerald had full time to connect, after the subsiding of his first agitation, the reasonings here attributed to him.

But, as he continued to gaze on them, while his thoughts still went busily on, the youth groaned, moved his wounded arm, and again groaned louder; and, roused by the sounds, the elder got into such motion as betokened that he would quickly awake. At this Gerald closed his eyes, prepared to be watchful, and fully on his guard.

The continued motions of the elder peasant came intelligibly to his ear. The man seemed to sit up, cautiously, as if disinclined to waken him, or perhaps, to disturb the repose of his wounded comrade. In a few seconds Gerald heard him call, in a low, husky whisper, upon some one in the next apartment, pronouncing a christian-name that sounded strangely and wildly to our listener. In as low a tone he

was answered; then steps that entered seemed intended to be stealthy, though the ponderous foot-gear of the new-comer scarce allowed him to tread as cautiously as he might propose to do.

Gerald durst not open his eyes, but he soon became assured that the two men were now present in his chamber. They began to converse, still in whispers; he grew less interested, because he brought to mind the unintelligible language of all the women he had met, and concluded that their male connexions would interchange their thoughts through the same medium: and the commencement of their dialogue bore him out in his inference; yet, after three or four sentences, either his ear deceived him, or a half-understood phrase did reach Gerald. He breathed short; stretched his sense of hearing to its utmost; and now became certain that the men spoke, indeed, in alternate snatches of what Gerald believed to be Welsh, and of a rude patois of the English language.

The armed marauder on the chest had been answering, at some length, in his unknown tongue, a question proposed to him, when the first words that Gerald indistinctly caught, con-

sisted of a question from his morning visitor, to the effect—" Are you sure of it?"

The other replied that " he was quite sure; for he had watched him" (Gerald) " some time before he ventured to call into the next apartment, and a top couldn't sleep sounder."

" It was likely," his friend observed, " taking into account the hardship the young man" (still meaning Gerald) " had suffered before he lay down."

" Who do you think he is?" was the next inquiry; and the answer changed into their strange tongue, and for some time their discourse fell unintelligibly on Gerald's ear.

" We 're sorry you hadn't a better rest after the night," was the next remark uttered by the visitor;—" the children could not be turned out of bed, late as it was," he continued; " and he must himself have gone to repose with the poor mother of them."

" So," concluded Gerald, " my gentlemen on the chest have, like myself, been but the guests of the present speaker."

" He did not care on his own account," observed the person to whom the apology had been made; " but it was too bad that poor ——"

(a name was uttered which Gerald could not catch)—" with his hurt arm, should be obliged to sleep on a hard board, to give room to a stranger to them all."

Again Gerald recognized an allusion to himself; but though its evident disposition to hostility might, in a degree, have alarmed him, he derived superior comfort from the admission contained in the last sentence; the admission that he was " a stranger to them all."

" Even that could not be helped, when commands had been given on the subject," was the purport of the answer of the host. And, continuing in English patois, he proceeded to hint that, to guard against Gerald's observation, should he suddenly awake, they had better at once remove the wounded youth out of the chamber.

Gerald now seemed to sleep sounder than ever, and with as little noise as was possible they bore off the groaning lad. He listened to hear him deposited in one of the beds abroad; but it seemed that his friends conveyed him quite out of the house; and then, the steps of the good woman, hurrying about her kitchen, and her voice, scolding her children, and the gab-

bling or crying of the children themselves, mixed with the humming of the old grandame, as, perhaps, she tried to lull one of them asleep, were the only sounds he could catch.

After remaining some time in solitude, he agreed to vote himself awake, and call out for an attendant. His ancient nurse tottered in: he made signs for his own pair of trowsers, which had been taken away before he slept, and, he argued, must now be dried, and ready for putting on again; and it was not quite for the sake of the article of dress that Gerald proposed his request.

The crone re-entered with it, and again left him alone. He put his hand into one pocket, and found his purse, undiminished, as well as he could calculate, since he had last used it. His valuable watch also remained in its proper fob. But on examining the second pocket for the small pistol with which he had armed himself, when about to spring into the boat from the sinking vessel, and which he distinctly recollected to have afterwards buttoned up where he now sought it, no such article was forth-coming.

This was strange: the desperate men amongst whom he found himself would seem, then, to

prize more the weapons for outrage, than the most desirable result outrage could seek to attain. He thought, over and over, what description of desperadoes they might be; but, notwithstanding his former smuggling theory, Gerald could not make them out.

He rose and dressed; appropriating his own trowsers, but necessarily obliged to avail himself of the coat, stockings, vest, hat, and boots, which lay by his bedside. They fitted him very well, and were fashionably cut.

His toilet was not quite completed when the two women came in with a substantial breakfast, of which he heartily partook. He passed into the kitchen, and with words and signs of much gratitude for all their attention, offered them money. They refused it, not sulkily, though firmly.

"Now am I at liberty to go about?" thought Gerald. He paced to the door; they did not interrupt him: he walked from it, along a neglected path, on each side of which lay neglected land, with an idle spade, and other implements of husbandry, buried in it. The path led him into a wild bridle road.

Still he was not molested; and no one appeared in view but two shy children of the house, lurking about some near hedges, or rather rude fences, as if to get a wondering look at him. At a turn in the bridle road, the sea burst on his view, about a mile distant. He looked observantly around him. The hovel he had just left struck him as the most wretched human habitation he had ever seen. Others, as wretched, appeared scattered around: some, by the nets hung out before them, evidently the abodes of fishers; some, as evidently inhabited by the more regular agricultural peasantry of the wild district. No trees caught Gerald's eye; no well-fenced fields; no comfortable houses of the middle class.

"Where am I?" thought Gerald, with certain misgivings, from which, during the last few hours he had not been free.

A groan reached him. He listened. It was repeated, from the other side of the bridle-road fence at which he stood. He passed over; and upon a couch of fresh straw lay the wounded peasant-lad, who had been his chamber companion for a part of the morning.

Both stared at each other, the moment Gerald jumped from the fence; the youth evidently in much alarm.

"Who is your honor?" he questioned, in continued agitation. Gerald remained silent.

"Does your honor want to have any thing to say to me, Sir?"

Still Gerald gave no answer.

"Murther!" cried the conscience-smitten young brigand, rising, with difficulty, on his unhurt elbow. "Paudge!—Father! where are ye? to be going and laving me here, when it's your company I want more than the victuals! an' a sthrange magistrate come here upon me, and going to whip me off with him!—Father!—Paudge!"

Gerald's blood absolutely curdled at the certainty which the peculiar tone and cadence of the speaker brought to his mind. He was able, however, to say,

"Hush, man, hush!—I am no magistrate, and mean you no harm. But, tell me, where am I?—this is not Wales?"

"Wales? what Wales? to the devil with Wales, taffies, and innions and all! what do you mean by that sort of talk?—Keep off!" as

Gerald unconsciously stepped closer. "It's wanting to coax yourself on me you'd be. Keep off, I say! or, maybe, the bould boy you fear most is nearer than you think—Arragh, Daddy!—Gossip! where are ye, I say?"

"So," thought Gerald—"so;—I *am* in the Emerald Isle, after all; and, if I rightly translate the elegant turn, 'bould boy,' one of my first chamber-mates may turn out to be no other than Captain Rock himself."

CHAPTER IV.

While Gerald made the last reflections, he was in rapid motion from the young peasant. The cries of the lad had succeeded in bringing in view, about two fields off, his gruff fellow slumberer on the chest, and the man, Gerald concluded, whose hospitality they had experienced. One carried a platter of food, the other a bottle, for which, it would seem, they had momentarily left their young associate.

Gerald became visible to them as soon as he hastily re-crossed the fence into the wild bridle-road. They instantly laid down their hospitable burdens, and quickened into a run the pace that the youth's cries had previously made brisk enough. My hero also ran, pursuing the course of the bridle-road. It conducted him to a high-road. Steps sounded in his rear. He gazed around, undecided, for an instant, which

way to take, to the right hand or to the left. About forty yards, in the former-mentioned direction, appeared a stage-coach, standing still. The driver had dismounted to help in a respectable-looking passenger. Notwithstanding all he had heard of the badly-appointed condition of Irish stages, Gerald gained the man's side just as his office was got through; demanded to be admitted in, also; was desired to observe that no "inside" was vacant; and finally mounted to a seat beside the driver.

As they whirled on, two men appeared standing at a gap in the side of the road. Gerald knew them well: nor were they slow in acknowledging their recognition of him. With faces of baffled anger, and eyes that shot no good intent, they seemed to take advantage of a moment, when no one but he glanced at them, to clench and raise their hands, and mutter indistinct threats.

"Are those people peasants or fishers of the district?" asked Gerald of his present companion, coachee, as he turned his regards away.

"Neither one nor the other, Sir," answered coachee, after a short glance, which, for a moment, betokened a lively interest: "but stop,

one of 'em may be; the other, the elder of the two, is a stranger, come one or two counties off; I know it by the colour of his wrap-rascal, waistcoat, and stockings—and more of his kind, I 'm afeard, is near him, this morning—divvle's luck to their visit to this quiet part of the world! —Go home, daddy!" continued coachee, good-humouredly, as he flourishingly whipped by the men, addressing himself to the individual of whom he had last spoken—"go home, and mind your ould thrade among your own nate hills an' bogs, an' lave honest people here, on the say-side, to fry their own fish without *you* lighting the fire for 'em."

"Whoo!" shouted both the men, prancing upward, where they stood, in full return of good humour to coachee's remonstrance, and without a trait of their late ferocity of expression towards Gerald. "And," continued the person particularly concerned in the address, "just whip your lane cattle, for the pinny the mile, my chap, from Dublin town, and make your scrape to the genteels for the same, when you get it."

"Come here," requested coachee, half pull-

ing up, "come here, I tell you; now that I think of it, I want you."

The man ran, laughingly, inside the road fence, until he again came abreast with the coach.

"An' well," he resumed, "what 's the thrick you think you can put on a poor countryman, now?"

"Are you a judge of a swellin'?" demanded coachee, stuffing out his cheek with his tongue.

"No; but you are, maybe," replied the man, puffing out both his cheeks; and immediately there was a shout of gleeish triumph for him from the friend he had left behind, as well as from others who had just joined that person.

Gerald not comprehending this specimen of Irish roadside humour, only felt much astonishment at the ease with which an armed marauder, evidently hardened in his courses, could suddenly change from the alarming savageness of temper in which he had, a moment before, held up his clenched hand, and set his teeth, into a seemingly light-hearted mood, capable of giving and taking, in his own way, any joke that might turn up for the instant. Indeed the

man's years, if nothing else, made this vivacity appear out of usual character.

"May I ask what you meant, just now," resumed Gerald, again addressing the driver, as at last they got out of view of the disagreeable jesters, "when you seemed to intimate that this part of the country would be nothing the better of the visit of that stranger?"

His companion quickly turned upon him an observant look, though not an impertinent one, and then drawing a round cut at his off-leader, answered, in a way Irish enough, "You 're a stranger yourself, Sir, in these parts o' the world, or you needn't be putting that question."

"I am quite a stranger in Ireland."

"So I thought by your tongue, Sir, from the first.—Get out o' that, lazy horse!" continued the man of whipcord, gently flogging his near wheeler; "get out o' that, an' I told you so before;" but no farther notice was taken of Gerald's question.

"He pulls well, though," remarked Gerald, "or else you have a knack of coaxing him;" willing to pave his way to the increased con-

fidence of coachee, by administering to his professional vanity.

"Kindly enough, Sir; he's not a bad horse in good hands, though I know some people that would unharness him, and lave him by the roadside, sooner than put their mind to it, and try to get him on. I'd rather him than the grey, the near-leader, as willing as he is, if my poor Danelly (the horse's name) had a good sieve, before starting, and rasonable time to ate it."

"All your horses seem good ones, indeed," continued Gerald, admitting to himself, as he made the remark, that, after much he had heard, and read too, in newspaper communications, the whole concern with which, as a passenger, he was now identified, might nearly stand a comparison with one of the same kind in his adopted country.

"Just as well as poor Ireland can afford, Sir; I'm glad they plaize you. What do you think of the harness, Sir?"

"Why," answered Gerald, surveying it in detail, quite seriously, and quite unconscious that he was quizzed—"as far as I can see, it

only wants to shine a little more in the brass parts, to be perfect in its way."

"God be praised!" continued coachee. "But, Sir, here's myself now; I don't look much like one of your English whips, do I, Sir?"

"You certainly understand your business as well as any of them; but, then, your attire is not so gay; you ought to have on a new superfine hat, smart neckcloth, as good clothes, in fact, as any of your company, and a nosegay stuck in your bosom."

"And the nosegay, and all, this time of the year, Sir?" seemingly with much respect and interest: "bud, no wonder! ye have the green pays at Christmas in England, we hear, an' the strawberries after 'em, when the cloth is gone."

Gerald now began to suspect.

"It's a shame for you, ma'am," resumed coachee, addressing a poor soldier's wife who trudged by the roadside patiently after her husband; "bid her walk before you, Sir," he continued to the soldier; "she's putting out her tongue at you:" no such occurrence had taken place, and Gerald's comprehension of his companion still improved.

"What good roads these are!" he said, anx-

ious to make the man serious by continuing to compliment, sincerely, his national pride.

"Ah, then, and arn't they, Sir, considering the poor country?—and sure the wonder is that there is a load of stones or gravel in it, to make any kind of a road at all."

"You change horses yonder, do you not?" again tried Gerald, observing that horses, harnessed and attended, stood a little way on.

"If you plaize, Sir; only I'm afeard you'll think it so long to be kept waiting."

"Why, what time does the matter usually occupy?" now caught tripping.

"Glory to me, Sir, if I know to the minute; but, sometimes ten o' them, sometimes the thirteen; more or less; I'll not say sartain."

"Ten of them? ten of what?"

"The minutes, Sir, sure."

"Indeed! ten or thirteen minutes to change horses! Well," continued Gerald, meditatingly, "that's worse than I have even heard on the subject."

"Cuckoo!" cried coachee, imitating the voice of the bird, as he drove up and pulled in his steaming horses at the appointed spot. And Gerald curiously drew out his watch; and

so, also nimbly jumping down, did young coachee; and, to Gerald's annoyance, a second beyond the time allowed in England to the operation of changing horses did not elapse, when he was again throned on his box, and the fresh cattle spanking away.

Now, quite assured that he had been very impertinently hoaxed, Gerald, with a lowered brow, and a curled lip, sat silent. Indeed, could he have conveniently made his election, he would have descended from the vehicle. But no town was in view where he might expect to procure a post-chaise; and so, his present mode of self-assertion was the only one he had it in his power to adopt.

Coachee, noticing, perhaps, the mood of his passenger, spoke in Irish whip-slang to his horses, or to men and women he met, or overtook upon the road, but did not address a word to Gerald. Many miles were trotted over in silence between them. At length, after a few quick side glances, he faced fully round, and—"By the powers! you're sick, Sir," said coachee.

There was real interest in the remark, and the manner of the remark, which went a step

towards extenuating, to Gerald, the young man's former levity.

"A little ill,—it will pass away;—though I have, within the last twelve hours, suffered much."

"T'under-an'-'ounds, Sir, it's very sick you are, not to talk of a little!"—and, while Gerald certainly evinced every symptom of the faintness, shivering, and throbbing head that preface feverish indisposition, the young man pulled up his horses, and continued:—

"The last twelve hours, Sir! and the hardship! murther, Sir, maybe it was the wrack of last night?"

"Hush," cried Gerald, "I wish to remain quite unobserved in Ireland, until I gain Dublin, whither, as I perceive by the letters on its side, your coach travels; and, the better to effect my purpose, it is necessary to disguise—what you have guessed—the unfortunate way in which, against my intention, I arrived in the country."

"To be sure—honour bright—murther, again! and I making fun o' you, Sir, when, my soul from the divvle! if I thought, or knew, or could guess how it was with you, I 'd sooner

jump down under the wheels than say a word o' the kind. Will you taste any thing, Sir?"

"No, I think I grow better; and you must not break in on your time, for me; let us go on. I suppose I can reach Dublin, by your side, as quickly as by taking a post-chaise."

"We 'll bate the best of 'em, three hours," promised coachee.

"Start, then; the air will do me good."

And on the coach rolled at the reasonable rate of nine English miles an hour.

"Lord save us, Sir," resumed coachee, as, with increased zeal, he exhorted his horses to the road, "and you so young, and all by yourself, too; there 's no friend o' yours in it, we hope?"

"Not exactly a friend of mine," answered Gerald, yet with a sigh for the fate of his faithful valet.

"You swum your way out, bouldly, I 'll engage, Sir?" coachee's curiosity now began to go hand in hand with his good-nature.

"I swam to shore, as well as I could."

"And fellow me better, when here you are, by the side o' me, and, the Lord knows how many poor souls that couldn't keep at *your* side,

sarved up, for breakfast, to the young sharks, by this time. By the powers, Sir, 'twas a great thing, for a boy, like you, Englishman and all; but musha, Sir," a smile, as with his rising respect for Gerald—recent misfortune is almost always respected—came a qualm of conscience at lavishing his feelings upon claims that were not strictly national; "maybe, Sir, you keep in your own joke for me, this time; maybe you 're not an Irish boy, every inch o' you? one o' the Trinity lads, from poor ould Dublin, God bless her face, every shining morning, that took a scamper across the water, and had this done to you for your neighbourly intentions, when you thought of coming back to us all again?"

"You mistake; I have never before been upon Irish ground."

"Well; and that 's a pity; and if there 's more o' your sort in the place you come from, salvation to my soul but I could find it in my heart to like them a bit better than they 'll let me do."

"How, let you?"

"You see, Sir, it's not the best o' you, I'm thinking, ye send over here to us, for samples, to agent us, and steward us, and lawyer us, and

then make little of us, after making nothing at all of us."

"Excuse me again; I do not understand."

"Running us down, you persave, Sir, all the time they're thrashing us into chaff, and grinding us into powder—ay, and when it's all over too, and maybe *then* more than ever; and axing *ye*, Sir,—the Englishmen that never come here, I mane,—to believe us the divvles entirely, in regard o' good manners and good behavor, and not knowing how to mind our own business. Sure that's the rason, when we meet one o' your country on the road, we takes the whip-hand of him, in one o' the ways we're your equals, at laste, Sir—by the gift o' gab, Sir, and the gibe and the fun that often hides our hearts, and the little cran we have,—Lord be praised, that laves us any thing, these times,—of keeping our minds to ourselves now and then."

"You are not a country-born man, are you?" asked Gerald, tiring of coachee's Irish egotism, and willing to change the topic. But he only involved himself farther in it.

"Ay, your honor, country-born, and country-bred, too; and the father before me, and my father's son himself, until of late, used to

better than whipping these horses up and down the road, in all sorts o' weathers. Sure that has something to do with what you and I were spaking of, Sir. My father took a waste of three hundred acres, or thereaway, from the Irish lord, —he was Irish then,—that owned 'em; and by dint of hard work and careful looking-after, made 'em a good farum at the end o' twenty-five or thirty years. By course, he got 'em at a low rent; but at a short lase too; and he knew that when the lase would drop, he wasn't to expect a new one, on the same terms. And to be sure, he was ready and willing to offer any terms in rason, considering that himself made the ground what it turned out to be, and that he looked to it as a manes o' living for them that would stay in this ugly world after him; maning me, your honor. Well, the day came to make the trial any how, and he went up to the lord's house, to talk to the agent,—for, you see, Sir, the lord himself wasn't to the fore, but spending his days in your honor's country, England, ever since ye took our own parliament from us, and sent it across the water,—and no one lived in the fine ould place only him, a bit of a counsellor, from Lonon, that put a Scotch steward over us.

one that was mighty fond o' bidding, under the rose, a trifle more than the ould tenant, and by that manes, many's the comfortable man he made poor. Well, Sir. We waited for my father to come back from the agent, my mother and the young wife, and I—for, you see, Sir, I got married on the strength o' the thing, and poor Moya's hanful o' money, Sir —— whut, whut, lazy horse! go along out o' that, or I'll make you!" Coachee's digression was not perhaps quite necessary, for Gerald heard his voice change, and detected his eye glistening.

"Her hanful o' money, Sir, it helped our stock; and, as I tould you, she, and I, and my mother—God rest the poor woman's soul—we were waiting for my father to come back to us with the good news we had no fears o' hearing, and the pleasant face on him that would tell it to us, before he opened his lips. But the divvle a pleasant face he had when he crossed the thrashold, Sir. His honor, the agent, asked just as much rent for the new take as we all knew wouldn't lave us a good mouthful o' praties after paying it, supposing a body able to do that same, a thing that seemed mighty unlikely. We made a poor mouth to him; but

sorrow a use in talking; the Scotch steward bid the money, because, you see, Sir, it was his plan to split the farum into little takes, and re-let it, to twenty or thirty poor divvles, at another rack-rent. Then, what were we to do? We wrote to the ould lord, but he took it into his head, Christ save us, to die before the letter overtook him; and then we wrote to the young lord, over and over again, and never got an answer, only maybe, of an odd turn, the agent resaved word to see about the matter; and faith, that was little comfort when, to our sorrow, it was himself that saw too much into it already. What were we to do, your honor? Nothing, only make our endeavour to keep the poor ould ground from Sawny, and try if we could get a bit and a sup out of it, or no—no matter at what a rent. So we run the venture of a seven years' lase, at the rack-rent.

"My father didn't live to see the trial out; in troth, if I said the disappointment broke his heart, it's no lie I'd tell. And to spake the honest truth, if Moya, and my ould mother, and the childer, and myself, didn't stop a long while after him, little would be our loss in the end. For, to make a long story short, Sir, du-

ring the whole seven years, I was never able, work, and pinch, and turn as I could, to pay my rent regular; and little law did our good steward give me, when I was behindhand; until of late years, things grew worse and worse; the stock went to make up what the crop wouldn't give; and at last, within a few months o' the dropping o' my second lase, I owed nigh-hand a year and a half's rent, and the steward threatened to turn us out if it was not paid up to the farthing. Well, Sir. And what were we to do again? Why, write again to the young lord, and get no answer, to be sure; and then, when we heard that his brother had the character of having a little more Irish blood in his heart than it plaised God to put into his, we wrote to him too——"

"And even *he* did not answer you better?" asked Gerald, apprehending a *denouement*.

"Musha, Sir, not he—who'd expect it? Bad cess to the bit. Very well, Sir. The day came, Sir, and so did Mr. Steward, Sir; and turn out was the word. 'Oh, with all my heart, Sir,' says I; 'only if your honor will lave us in this one night, till my ould mother gets a little better, I'll thank your honor.

She's in bed, in the next room to us, not over well, as the doctor tells us.' 'Where?' says he, opening the dour, and going into her. She just saw his face, and heard Moya and the weenachs crying abroad, and she didn't give any of us much more trouble—the one look at him—killed her," continued coachee, his tones trembling, as he stooped to wind a long and gentle lash at one of his leaders; "but I ask pardon; there was the wake, and a merry wake it was," laughing; "and early in the morning after it, our good steward came again, and staid to lock the house dour with his own hand, and then he wished us good by—the young wife, and her three childer, and another coming, and myself, as we stood in the bosheen,—the ould bosheen, Sir, that led up from the road to my father's house."

"You have indeed been hardly treated," said Gerald.

"Does your honor think so?" again laughed coachee.

"Certainly I do, but most by this steward. May I ask you the name of so cruel a man?"

"Bignell," answered coachee quietly. Gerald recognized the name of Lord Clangore's

land steward, and now entertained no doubt that he sat beside an old correspondent.

What immediately followed brought certainly on the point.

"Bignell," repeated coachee, in a tone less composed; "ay, Bignell—" he continued, his voice growing vehement, while his features worked, and his hands trembled, and he wound his whip to make, as if unconsciously, a fierce cut at his horses, "Bignell, the cursed-above-ground villain!"

The lash violently smote the off-leader, who pranced high. The other horses got frightened, and all set off at a gallop. An old woman who had been picking fire-wood in the fields, came, crab-like, down a steep bank through a gap in a fence at one side of the road. The scared and excited animals could make nothing of a figure presenting itself in such a questionable shape: observing her, at a distance, they suddenly swerved aside in their furious career; the coach as suddenly upset, and Gerald was flung off, and momentarily deprived of his senses.

"Here we lay last, your honor," said the

voice of Michael Farrell, close at Gerald's ear, as he regained his power of hearing. He turned his head and saw coachee stretched beside him on the clay floor of what seemed a very poor cabin. The young man's face was ghastly, though his words were light, and the dragging down of the corners of his mouth bespoke bodily pain. Gerald also lay at his length, and felt an acute pang in his arm. He motioned to rise.

"Don't stir, Sir,—don't, and I'll be thankful to you. Your arum is hurted, and it's the best way not to flurry it till the doctor puts his two eyes on it for you."

"'Tis broken, indeed," said Gerald, obeying this command; "you are hurt too, are you not?"

"The right thigh o' me is smashed, Sir; I feel something like the bits o' bone sticking out."

"And what's to be done for us both? is there a surgeon at hand? are we near a town? why do the people leave us here alone?"

"We were the first lifted in, off o' the road, Sir, and then every body ran out to see after

the rest o' the passengers, and to hurry for the doctor and po-chaises, and he'll soon be with us, Sir."

"Then we are not the only sufferers?"

"Poor Jem Doyle, that used to mind the drag for me, he's dead, Sir."

"Good Heavens!"

"And three outsides more, I believe, only bruised and scratched a little. I wonder was it my fault, your honor? Faith, I'm afeard it was, and that they'll turn me off, the laste they'll do. Well; the Lord be praised. Or sure, if they don't, here's this brittle, good-for-nothing thigh o' mine that won't be able to mount a box this half-year."

"And, meantime, what can you do with yourself?"

"Get some good bodies to take me home to the wife, Sir, and the childer, first and foremost; and a nate load they'll have, laid down before them, in the poor cabin, instead o' getting a letter with my week's earning inside of it; and then, faith, we must all do just as well as we can."

"Have you been long practising your new trade? 'Twas a singular change from your old pursuits."

"Ah, then, and wasn't it, Sir? — Sorrow a more curious change could be, and little I ever expected it. But, you persave, Sir, after losing the ould farum, maybe I didn't behave myself all out like a boy that would be in his right rason, and careful o' the good word o' some of his neighbours; and, to tell the blessed truth, I believe I was getting myself into more and more trouble in the country; and a friend whispered me that I might as well go take my pleasure in Dublin, for a start; and so I did, Sir; and it was there I larned the use o' the whip from a gossip o' my own that I met by good luck on the streets; a comfortable man; well liked on the road, for his civil word, and his joke, and his stories, with all the outsides, high and low, to say nothing of his knowing his business, and minding it."

"We ought to be friends," resumed Gerald; "fellow-sufferers generally become so, and indeed, for other reasons, I wish you well. Perhaps, then, you will allow me to ask you a question. What was the nature of the 'trouble' which made your visit to Dublin necessary?"

"I 'm beholden to you, Sir, for your kind word—but, to tell the truth, this thigh is losing

its senses entirely—murther! and cross o' Christ about us! but that was a pain in earnest."

It might be that coachee would have evaded Gerald's question, by feigning the agony he now complained of; but his companion saw that he really suffered much. His face grew more pallid than it had been before, his features worked, and perspiration stood on his forehead. Faintness ensued, for he closed his eyes with a deep groan.

Gerald called out, and some people entered in a hurried manner with a glass and jug. Coachee re-opened his eyes, and extended his hand.

"If 'tis spirits, he must not touch it," said Gerald.

"But I'm burning with the drooth, your honor, and the heart is wake," remonstrated coachee.

"Give him a glass of water then, and let me have another." Gerald's own pain was scarcely to be endured.

"Water, your honor?" asked his fellow-sufferer, in much amazement—"water, to rise the heart?"

"No other drink that we can at present get

is fit for either of us, if we mean to take a chance for our lives; but do as you wish."

"Divvle have me, then, if I do; give us that could comfort, in the name of God," he added, in a tone of such mournful resignation, that Gerald half smiled, notwithstanding his own pangs.

But the poor fellow's torture increased, and, in the hope of procuring some opium for him, Gerald asked how near they were to an apothecary's shop. The people answered, that the nearest establishment of the kind was in the village to which they had sent for "the doctor," and that "the doctor himself" presided over it. This was bad news, for two reasons: first, because it doomed coachee to unmitigated suffering for some hours; next, because, from the intimation it gave of the professional rank of the expected surgeon, Gerald felt doubts of the propriety of submitting coachee's thigh or his own arm to his skill. Venturing to inquire of the people around them as to the popular estimation in which their doctor was held, he became assured, however, that "Mr. Gallaghan was the best bone-setter on Ireland's ground.—See here, your honor," continued the proprietor of

the cabin, "here 's my own son's leg, that he bruck, lepping, last pattern-day, and, by the life, 'tis amost as good as ever, now, out of Mr. Gallaghan's hands. Walk across the floor, Mickle, and let his honor make sure with his own eyes."

Mickle, a sheep-faced, lumpish lad of nineteen, accordingly put himself in motion, and displayed to Gerald a confirmed halt, and a right leg that bowed out like a bent bar of iron.

"Well; I'll never run down Mr. Gallaghan," said a neighbour; "that leg is a good job, sure enough; only he hadn't the same luck with the leg he set for a crature of mine; poor Sheela died the same night."

"Your daughter?" asked Gerald.

"No, your honor; but Sheela was as good a watch-dog as ever barked in a haggart."

"How far are we from Dublin?" was Gerald's next question.

"Only fourteen miles, and a tilly," answered coachee; "the fourteen mile stone is at the bottom o' the rise where we upset."

"Then, I wish some of you would hasten the arrival of the post-chaise, and never mind the

doctor for me; I will reward whoever follows the first messenger, and arrives first with it."

They all disappeared.

"You're afeard o' Mr. Gallaghan, Sir?" asked coachee.

"I certainly prefer postponing the operation of getting my arm set till I shall have reached Dublin, and I wish you could safely accompany me in a post-chaise; but that is impossible; you should sit, and you cannot—must not: even though this apothecary may not be a very eminent practitioner, your only chance is waiting for him, then staying some time where you are, and then travelling home in a reclining posture."

"Murther," ejaculated coachee, with an almost despairing groan.

"If you can conveniently use either of your hands, put one of them into the pocket of my trowsers, next to you, and take out my purse; I cannot stir the arm that should do that office for me."

Coachee contrived to draw forth the purse. Gerald continued:—

"Hold it a moment. It contains, I believe,

forty sovereigns; take out about half of them, and put them in your own pocket if you can; they may assist you to get through this untoward business; and when I receive remittances from England, perhaps I may find you out, and have the gratification of affording you a little more help."

Coachee, who could not divine Gerald's secret motive, though not his only one, for this liberality, stared at him with his red and glassy eyes, and holding the purse in his hand, remained perfectly silent. Gerald renewed his instructions.

"And you 're in earnest, Sir?"

"Pho, man, don't ask such a question. I shall be obliged by your doing as I bid you."

"Obliged? *you* 'll be obliged, Sir? Well:" he counted from one hand to another, five sovereigns, and stopt.

"Go on," said Gerald, "they must be twenty."

"Well," resumed coachee, as with a lip quivering now more from his moral than his physical emotions, he proceeded in his task,—"well, Sir, I have them now; twenty yellow boys, all in a lump; the biggest handful o' money—that I

could call my own—I ever had together, since my ould father died. Here, Sir; I'm putting the purse into your pocket again; and I'll say nothing; only—" his voice failed him, "the blessings o' the young father and the young husband—" He covered his face with his hands, and as if from a union of many feelings, as also from his weakened state of frame, wept convulsively.

"You do a very foolish thing now," said Gerald, just able to controul his own gratified and sympathizing feelings: "in your present state, you should keep yourself as quiet as possible; and if you wish really to please me, you will have done with all this."

"I will Sir; I will. Bad cess to the day I ever thought a hard thought about the place your honor comes from; musha, if 'twas your likes we had in our own great people, and if they'd only stay at home with us, I wouldn't be lying stretched here, this blessed day. And you were axing me what kind 'o trouble it was that sent me to hide, for a while, in Dublin town, Sir? Why, then, I wouldn't like you'd think worse o' me than I desarve, though maybe that's bad enough; but it was neither robbing

nor staling, nor a thing o' that sort, let alone harming a fellow-creature; only something that was thought as much of by some people, and I won't say it wasn't wrong, my own self; howsomever, Sir, I had a sore heart, you persave, Sir, after being turned out of our ould home; and no friend in the world wide to back us; and no notice taken of our complaints to the young lord and his young brother, and all; and, faith, Sir, I was fool enough to have a hand in some o' the night-work, and the hill-law, that was going on in the place; and when my enemies began to suspect me, sure that 's what sent me out o' harum's way, for a start."

"I think I understand you, and I hope you regret your imprudence," said Gerald.

"Maybe your honor will think it's to blind you, or to impose on you I 'm going to say what I 'll say; but, may I never rise out o' my present misfortune, if I didn't get sorry for joining 'em amost as soon as it happened. Many an ignorant poor crature was among us, not half so well able to think of what he was about as myself was; for the ould father of me, Sir, he was a dacent man, ay, and a quiet

paceable man, too, Sir, by rason he had little to trouble him, his life long, till just before he left us; and along with all that, you persave, Sir, he gave me a dacent boy's share of the schooling; so that I had a right to have more sense than the poor divvles of turf-cutters that were in the same foolish business, by my side; and no thanks to me not to like some o' their doings, or some o' what they wanted to do, for the like rason; but though they looked up to me, and let me head 'em, after a manner, I couldn't stop 'em from running into more mischief than they ought; and there 's why I grew sorry for joining 'em, your honor."

Shortly after this explanation, coachee became again faint from pain. Gerald, too, lay exhausted; and both were unable to restrain their groans. In about an hour, the woman of the cabin, who had been at work in the fields, entered in an anxious and alarmed bustle, eager to afford any assistance in her power. Gerald requested a linen bandage; she procured it: with her assistance, he arose, wrapt it tightly, twice or thrice, round his right arm, which was the fractured one; then

contrived a sling with his pocket handkerchief; and sat in a chair, to await as patiently as he could the arrival of the post-chaise.

In about another hour he heard several carriages rattle to the door of the cabin. People ran in to apprize him that his "Po-shay" was in readiness. He paid the messengers; offered money to the woman of the house, who refused it; spoke a parting word of consolation to coachee, who continued really unable to utter any sound save the low cries that involuntarily escaped him; and, as Mr. Gallaghan entered to take the poor fellow's limb in hand, Gerald, assisted by many anxious persons, at last sat in the chaise, [illegible]

He was about to desire the postboy to drive as fast as he could, and to get four horses at the next stage, when a deep hoarse voice bellowed forth, in a kind of frenzy, some little distance behind—"Mickle Farrell!—Mickle Farrell, my darling! where are you! murther, where are you!" and Gerald, glancing out of the window of the chaise, saw running, or rather galloping, into the cabin, the elder of the dangerous persons who had shared his chamber that morning. In instinctive avoid-

ance of this man, he rapidly gave the word for starting, and the next instant was in motion towards Dublin.

When he had time to reflect, Gerald called to mind that the re-appearance of the armed marauder, joined to the words he had spoken, argued but little in favour of the ingenuousness of the person he came in such a hurry to condole with. Upon his box, a few hours before, coachee had disclaimed all knowledge of such an acquaintance ; yet now it appeared evident that they were intimate friends. No doubt, before Gerald and Michael Farrell began to understand each other, it was fair that the disguised Rockite should keep his own secret : that seemed a matter he could scarce be blamed for. But there was another point : the tendency of the half-confession that Michael had just made on the floor of the cabin, went to impress Gerald with a belief of his contrite self-divorcement long ago, from his former turbulent associates. If such were really the case, would not they, one and all, have so far at least resented his secession as by this time to hold themselves estranged from him, and indifferent to his fortunes, whatever might befal

him? and how did this agree with the violent anxiety now displayed by, as was evident, one of the most ferocious of the band? Had master coachee dealt sincerely with Gerald, even in his last declarations? Was he a reclaimed character, or still an insurgent outlaw captain, countenancing and abetting outrage, if not occasionally heading it? Gerald's interest in the man began to abate, in the suspicion of his duplicity. He entered Dublin, and was assisted into his hotel, before he suddenly felt a novel interest towards Michael Farrell. "That strange letter I received from him in Père la Chaise!" thought Gerald—"how could I have forgotten to question him about it!" And after an eminent surgeon had set his arm, seen him put to bed, and commanded him to keep quiet, this reflection, and the associations it produced, helped, as much as the pain he still suffered, to keep Gerald restless and waking.

CHAPTER V.

GERALD had apprehended that all his late hardships, together with the irritation of his arm, would perhaps throw him into an illness as protracted, if not as dangerous, as that which he had suffered in France. But he awoke, next morning, with few symptoms of fever, and even the pain of the fracture little inconvenienced him. He indulged visions of getting up, indeed, so unexpectedly recruited did he find himself; but this his watchful surgeon at an early visit forbade, dooming him to many more days of perfect quiet in bed.

Again left alone, Gerald began to think of the necessity of writing to London for a remittance. His liberality (thrown away, he feared) to his fellow-sufferer, made such a measure particularly necessary. He had ordered the post-boy, the preceding day, to drive him to the best

hotel in Dublin; and really expecting, from the low scale of every thing Irish in his mind, to find that "best hotel" only a tolerable place, after all, it was with much surprise he entered Morrysson's establishment. Now he gave way to another foreboding. Doubtless, in proportion to what Gerald supposed the rarity of such accommodation in Ireland, his very magnificent landlord would make out his bill; and here again was a pressing necessity for despatching a letter to London. He wanted a wardrobe too, —wanted it, indeed, so urgently and literally, that the thought brought a smile to his lips. Heaven only knew how the clothes in which he entered Dublin had been procured. Perhaps they were plundered property; and it was not out of the limits of possibility that his personal safety might be endangered by appearing abroad in them.

Most anxious, therefore, Gerald was to write a line to his banker. But this could not be effected with his own hand, at least; for, as has been mentioned, it was his right arm which was broken. Nor would he call upon any other person near him to write from his dictation. He had landed in Ireland without his know-

ledge, and he continued in it against his will. None of his former objections to the country had abated; nay, since his foot touched its shore, he had experienced little that was not calculated to strengthen them. His interest towards Michael Farrell might, indeed, have at first told the other way; nay, receiving the man's story as true, Gerald's conscience, as well as his sense of justice, might have suggested a short residence in whatever part of Ireland (and he really scarce knew in what part) his own estate was situated; but the strong doubt of Michael's ingenuousness in which they parted, made questionable all he had related of his sufferings, and of the cruelty of Lord Clangore's land-steward, and the insufficiency of the agent; coachee had either much exaggerated, or was a person of such bad character as to deserve severe treatment; if upon Gerald's own estate similar complaints were to be heard, they could, doubtless, be similarly accounted for: and hence he only wished to return to England as fast as possible. But making himself known in his present situation might entail upon him endless remonstrances from his and Lord Clangore's tenantry, and visits from agents, and perhaps

congratulatory calls from some of the great folk of Dublin, and contact with some friends of the unfortunate Lady Cox; and all this would detain him in Ireland; and he would not employ to write a letter to which must be subscribed his real signature, his landlord or his surgeon, the only individuals available for such a purpose; because to do so without an injunction of secrecy were but trumpeting about who and what he was; and to make a mystery of himself to either, were to run a chance of being suspected as a disreputable person, instead of being at once acknowledged as the Honourable Gerald Blount.

He thought of endeavouring to scrawl a line or two with his left hand, and asked for pen and ink and paper. But his failure was positive; the letters would face the wrong way, notwithstanding all his care, and run diagonally in the page, so as to appear quite illegible even to his own eye; and wondering why he could not effect what he had seen others do, when a boy, and what Dean Swift asserted he often did, in his facetious epistles to Dr. Sheridan, Gerald gave up the task in despair, flut-

tered, and even fevered, by the petty agitation it had caused.

What was to be done? funds he absolutely required. A happy reminiscence occurred. There was Mr. Gore, who, notwithstanding some promises to the contrary, still did him the honour of owing him three hundred and fifty pounds; and as his official duties necessarily kept that gentleman in Dublin, a messenger would at once find him, and speedily bring back the needful answer to a direct request.

But that direct request must reveal Gerald's arrival in Dublin as effectually as any other proceeding. He would not therefore make it. But he took a middle course.

At his desire the head-waiter appeared. He caused the man to sit down and write as follows.

"A friend of the Honourable Gerald Blount presents his compliments to Mr. Gore, and being confined by indisposition to his hotel, requests the honour of a call from Mr. Gore, at Mr. G.'s earliest convenience."

"Did the waiter know the private residence of Mr. Gore?"

The man knew it very well; it was in Ste-

phen's green: and a noble mansion Mr. Gore's was. The note was addressed and dispatched.

Half an hour brought back the messenger with an answer, directed in a lady's hand.

"Mrs. Gore presents her compliments to the Honourable Gerald Blount's friend, and informs him that Mr. Gore is absent from town, but Mrs. Gore entertains no doubt will call at Morrysson's hotel upon his return, the time of which is however uncertain, though it may be speedy."

Gerald had intended to receive Mr. Gore when he should have repaired to the hotel, and while he told him the late circumstances which rendered necessary a replenished purse, communicate his wish to remain incognito in Dublin. This reply to his billet was provoking; but in hopes that Mr. Gore would, as his lady seemed to promise, return speedily to town, and in the certainty that all his present wants would thereupon be met, Gerald took counsel with his impatience, and resolved to wait.

His mind, now dismissing the question of pecuniary calculation, turned to a more poetical subject. Once again he chided his own

forgetfulness that could permit him to part from Michael Farrell without demanding an explanation of the letter, purporting to bear his signature, which Gerald had so unaccountably received in Paris. Not the most remote conjecture could he yet form of the manner in which it had come into the hands that presented it to him: or how its beautiful bearer had acquired a knowledge of his person, nay of his affairs. The vague prophecy, too—but that, Gerald continued to be assured, was empty nonsense. He had certainly seen her again in the window of the street through which passed the tri-colour procession; and again on board the merchantman in which he thought to embark for Wales? he was not so sure: and again on the shingles?—no; that must have been mere delusion.

Who could be the secret friend who wrote him the warning note, while he was in the sea-coast cabin, and, it was strongly presumable, provided him with his good cheer, and his tolerable couch, and his (perhaps) plundered suit of clothes? Gerald had before dismissed all idea of connecting this considerate person with the fascinating individual we have just

found him thinking about; but now that he lay somewhat at ease in bed, inert and mentally idle, and that the last gentle opiate prescribed by his surgeon began to mount imperceptibly into his brain, he seemed willing to deliver himself up to the most romantic visions on the subject. So subduing, indeed, became his fancies, that he sighed, in a kind of love-lorn way, ere the entrancing medicine fairly lulled him asleep, to complete under its delicious influence the dreams that, even with his eyes open, it had helped to inspire.

He slumbered till towards evening, indistinctly conscious, now and then, that an attendant had entered the room. When he quite awoke, the head-waiter appeared to say that two gentlemen waited on him.

"The surgeon one of them?"

"No, they were both strangers; an elderly and a young gentleman."

"To wait on me!" said Gerald, remembering that he had yet given no name in the hotel, "for whom do they inquire?"

"For the friend of the Honourable Gerald Blount, Lord Clangore's brother."

"Oh," thought Gerald; "Mr. Gore come

back to town sooner than his lady would promise for. Admit them : stay ; my compliments and I beg to be excused from seeing, at present, any person along with Mr. Gore."

The man bowed in the dignity of his place, and withdrew. Gerald felt much relieved as to his pecuniary difficulty. The waiter re-entered with a card, sealed in a blank and undirected envelope.

" Mr. Knightly and his eldest son to pay their respects to the Honourable Gerald Blount."

" Unaccountable and very provoking again !" thought Gerald :—" how have they found me out ? Why every body does so ;—is my name written between my shoulders ? and what is my business with these gentlemen ? or theirs with me ? Let Augusta indulge her fancies, but certainly one of the very last intimacies I wish to form in Ireland is with ' Mr. Knightly and his eldest son.' His eldest son !—some great red-cheeked, yellow-haired giant, I suppose, half farmer, half fox-hunter. There is some forwardness too in this uncouth country-squire originating the renewal of an acquaintance, unsought on my part, and limited to one meeting

on business when I was a boy of fourteen years of age. Why, I am sure I should not recollect the gentleman's person; unless, indeed, I saw him at breakfast after a walk to Highgate.—Pray," addressing the waiter, "give my compliments, and I have not the honour of knowing Mr. Knightly and his son; so there must be some mistake."

Gerald remained in terror lest even this sufficiently explicit message should not be understood. Such were his notions of Mr. Knightly's very Irish character, that he expected every moment, after the waiter's second departure, to see the chamber-door pushed open by his unwelcome visitors, and to feel both plunging upon his broken arm, to shake it by the hand. He had not forgotten Knightly's unceremonious and energetic salutation at their first memorable meeting in the minister's library.

But he seemed to have overrated the clownishness even of Mr. Knightly. The chamber-door did not again open until the surgeon came to make his evening call. Gerald was then pronounced not to be getting on quite as well as he should have done since morning, and it was conjectured that he had engaged himself in some

business which he ought to have avoided, and injunctions were repeated to remain perfectly still. The patient, who began to get on good speaking terms with his surgeon, obviously a man of superior intellect, and, allowing for nationalities, of engaging manners also, preferred a request to be obliged with the loan of some books that might help to wile away his solitary confinement, and was promised a parcel next morning, but of such a class only as would interest his mind at intervals, without exciting or continuously engaging it. Another opiate was then taken, and, after the adieus of his surgeon, Gerald soon fell asleep.

When he looked round him, in the morning, the books lay convenient to his unhurt arm, and he was proceeding to possess himself of one, when an attendant entered with a letter.

"Does the messenger wait?"

"No; it was a general post letter."

"The deuce it is!" cried Gerald, after the waiter went down; "and Irish it must be; for there has been no time to have it English—yes, and stamped with the post-mark of the town nearest to my estate!—and a woman's hand on the cover! What! Augusta's?—ay, hers,

indeed,—and in the name of the miraculous, how has *she*, too, got the information that, almost before I could have entered Dublin, enables her to direct—' To the Honourable Gerald Blount, Morrysson's Hotel, Dublin?—' but hold—*her* direction has been to ' Gervis Gore's, Esq., Stephen's Green—' So, she reckoned on my calling there, and Mrs. Gore has re-directed the letter. The deuce again! that lady will then begin to suspect that the Honourable Gerald Blount's friend is the best friend he has in the world—himself."

And, considerably embarrassed by the numerous and inexplicable petty annoyances of his situation, Gerald perused his sister's letter, parts of which still more mystified him.

"Lower Court, Clangore, Feb. 10, 18—

"My dearest Gerald,

"Here I am, you see, dating this letter from one of Clangore's old seats, in the wilds of Ireland. In the letter I wrote to you, after you took your seat in the House of Commons, you might have detected my intention of residing in this country. Since then the intention has become a resolve, and the resolve an act.

Before our dear brother's late illness, I requested his permission to make Lower Court habitable, truly giving as my reason a wish to live amongst the poor and friendless people who starve, and idle, and go almost unclad, upon this fine portion of his Irish property, in order that I might lend, under Providence's will, my humble efforts to better their condition, their habits, and their minds. Already some of my own fortune has been expended in this view; and you cannot think, dear Gerald, how happy and gratified I am, watching the first fruits of my little exertions. Some respectable ladies, ay, and gentlemen, too, thou renegade, give much assistance; and you will at once conclude that my old friends, the Knightlies are the most zealous of them all. Rhoda Knightly, indeed, whom you will remember to have seen when a child, is by my side, every thing I do, and every step I take; and, moreover, shares my maiden sovereignty over the little empire of Lower Court; in fact, has been good and kind enough (and when was she other than good and kind?) to come and live with me—"

"How very obliging," sneered Gerald, "ay:

these clever Irish people know what they are about; one of the numerous family may well afford the condescension that places her at the side of a young lady who holds under her own command a fortune of sixty thousand pounds. Well; let me hear more of Augusta; poor Augusta! how they have fascinated her—"

"And," continued the letter, "the foster-sister of our dear father, who had been in his establishment before he left Ireland, but who since then experienced much distress, is our household prime minister; and Clangore's own foster-sister, a healthy, good-humoured girl, called Jinny Malone, is my body-woman, and we are trying to discipline her youngest brother into the duties of a footman; and Mr. Knightly has supplied us with a ready-made butler, and all our subjects of lesser degree are the sons or daughters of such of your or Lord Clangore's poor tenantry as we found most immediately in want of food, clothes, shelter, and, worst of all, employment. We do not reckon a coachman amongst our lieges, as I only exhibit a four-wheeled pony-carriage, which Rhoda is teaching me to drive with, she says, reasonable hopes of success. But our poor old gardener, lame

Denny Larissy! he is a great person amongst us, and one of the very happiest. Many years ago, when Lower Court was depopulated, after the sale of its furniture, and left in the exclusive keeping of a follower of Clangore's land-steward, Bignell,—(now residing with his patron and Mr. Ambrose, the agent, at Upper Court), Denny received his discharge, amongst the rest, and, in humbled fortunes, went to live, alone, in a miserable cabin, where he immediately fell ill of rheumatism, ('twas a hard winter,) and became so crippled as to lose all chance of future employment in his former mode of life. Ever since then, want, and feebleness, and misery, had been encroaching on him, until the joyful day when Rhoda and I drove up (as near as we could) to the door of his wretched habitation, and gave him instructions to repair the next morning to Lower Court, as head-gardener, and superintendent, in the first instance, of our efforts to clear the lawn, and re-define and re-establish its ancient fences and bounds, and trim it, and, in fact, make it a lawn again. We left him what we called an advance of salary, which the old man received in silent, almost stupid emotion, as he had received,

indeed, our previous instructions. But if you could have seen him next morning! Rhoda and I arrived on the ground of operation at an early hour. He had been there hours before us, decently clad for the first time during many years, and we found him surrounded by a host of more youthful and more efficient helpers, whom he had levied, *en masse*, on his way to the Court, all engaged, under his supreme authority, in the prescribed work of 'clearing the lawn.' One detachment erected rustic palings around the fine groups of beech and of chesnuts; another were levelling a space before the hall-door, to prepare it for sand and the rolling-stone; for, long grass and weeds had intruded to the very steps, and indeed the whole ground from their edges was one waste, covered with brushwood, or strewed with sticks, straw, and stones, and grubbed by the pigs, and trampled by cows and horses; a third party, regular stone masons, were, to the number of a dozen, building up the breaches in the side-walls; a fourth were levelling and smoothing far and wide, and obliterating the pigs' rootings, and the marks of cloven feet and horse-shoes; and by far the most nume-

rous force, chiefly composed of boys and girls, were zealously employed in repelling the habitual incursions of the animals, who, year after year, had made the trespass I speak of, and whom it was difficult at last to teach that they must henceforth seek elsewhere for beech-nuts, and scanty patches of daggled grass.

"We were descried in our approach, and old Denny, giving to his band the word 'Stop! stop all o' ye!' took off his hat, shouted feebly, and waved it round his head. Those who had hats, like him, followed his example; but all had lungs, ay, and hearts, Gerald; and do not smile if I assure you that the cheer of those grateful, and simple, and neglected beings, went through *my* heart with a thrill of the supremest pleasure I have yet felt. Into the middle of the lawn Rhoda drove her ponies. The general shout was redoubled; but we could perceive that old Denny's contribution to it now grew scarce audible, and that, still waving his hat, he tottered from weakness. At last, coming very near him, we found that the old man had dropped sitting upon the root of a tree, his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands covering his face.

" In a short time, he attended us into what had been the garden—his old domain and kingdom: and his feelings, upon witnessing its state of utter devastation, must have resembled those of a real monarch restored to his crown after a season of rude expulsion from it, and taking a first glance at the breaches of all law and order, and the outrages committed upon fair establishments, during his deposition. Often did Denny raise his hands and eyes, and groan, during our difficult progress through the impeded paths. But having gained a particular spot, his countenance brightened. 'I wonder are they here?' he soliloquised as we approached this corner—'I wonder did they leave us even them?—yes,' he continued, standing still; 'there they are. That shrub was for the young lord, the day he was born; and that, so near it, was for the Honourable Masther Gerald, as soon as I heard *he* was born, too, in England; and this purty creeper, that I trained to stretch out its arums to them both—my last morning's work in the garden—this was for your ladyship's own self; God be praised that I see them again!'

"We continued our survey, and Denny received instructions, and suggested his own plans, and, I repeat, from that day to this, is the happiest creature in Lower Court. A few weeks got us all pretty well in order, upholsterer and all; and upon the evening of our first day's regular residence in the old house, there were such bonfires, Gerald, and such capering, and laughing, and enjoyment all around us!

"But you must not imagine that it was merely to give a few hours' employment to a good many, and permanent comfort to some, and to get myself shouted at, and fire-worshipped, that I took it into my head to come here. Heaven forbid I should be so vain or unthinking! No, my dear Gerald; it is for our little schools, and for our little industrious establishments amongst the grown people, that I hope to obtain some of your approbation. Do not too readily listen to those who would tell you that your poor tenantry prefer indolence to honest exertion, or personal and household dirt to personal and household cleanliness; or, worst of all, ignorance to rational education. In truth, Gerald, I fear such a charge is often made against them by individuals who have caused

the appearances that seem to give ground for it. But the published reports of the Ladies' Hibernian Improvement Society state, from experience, the very contrary: and allow me to add, that my own experience strengthens those reports. Already our schools are filled, and the poor little things tolerably punctual in their attendance; and already, by merely showing their mothers and sisters how to clothe themselves, by their own industry, and to make a shilling besides, many an idle and ragged woman has become active and neatly attired, and many a wretched cabin transformed into a cheery though still humble cottage.

"I wish you would come to see us, Gerald, and judge for yourself. It was not, indeed, my intention to have invited you so soon. I had planned to wait until our measures should have effected results that would indeed lay claims to your praise, and perhaps patronage. But having learned that, under some strange circumstances, yet unexplained to me, you were lately seen on our Irish shores, not a very great distance from Lower Court; and presuming that you will stay in Dublin a few days at least, and call on your friends the Gores, I cannot be so inhospitable

as to withhold this present gracious summons to attend our sovereign pleasure. Nor must you, in your answer, unless it be a personal one, ask me how I became aware that you are in Ireland. Come, and you shall hear. Go back to England, and remain ignorant. But I am sure you cannot refuse to gratify yourself and me together; and so I expect you.

"Perhaps before you receive this, Mr. Knightly will make you out in Dublin. He has sudden business there, and will be accompanied by an individual whom I 'm sure you will be gratified to take by the hand—his eldest son. I need say no more, except that you cannot desire a friendly meeting more anxiously and cordially than he does. He and his father are much interested in the fate of some poor sufferers who, upon the very night when you were seen amongst us, (at least, as I before said, not very far from us,) were wrecked near the place of your extraordinary concealment; you, no doubt, have heard of the sad occurrence. The Knightlies called upon me for a letter to you; but, as I foresaw it would be a desperately long one, and as they could not wait hours till it was finished, you now get my epistle by post.

"My dearest brother, I could not bring myself to write to you during your late visit to France. I am convinced you understood my silence. But had I been made acquainted with your voyage to that country, in time to sit by your bed-side, you would have found me nursing you. My kind friends, however, anxious about its probable effects on my flimsy good health, did not communicate your sufferings till you were out of danger, and then very slowly and gradually. Now I can but thank Providence for your safety, and also for leaving you the consoling reflection, that in the most melancholy cause for that unhappy meeting you were not criminal, (as by this time every one knows,) and acted, allowing for your first involuntary error, like the brother I am proud of. But oh, Gerald! is there not a higher, a more providential comfort? I need not, I will not, search your feelings by more openly alluding to it;—but is there not? are you not bound to be grateful to a good God for ever?—*my* tears flow in answer.

"I shall long to know how you like all the Gores. We have but one favourite amongst

them. They spent a little time near us, here, under the roof that I exchanged for Mrs. Knightly's, before I made up my present independent establishment: and we thought Miss Gore, since married to the rich brewer, coldly haughty; Miss Selina, who is about to make nearly as good a match with old Sir John Lumley, fiercely haughty; but dear Maria, the youngest, so gentle, and so unlike her sisters in every thing but beauty,—she won our hearts. We spirited her in amongst us, for a few weeks, though much against the wishes of her family, who call us Mere Irish, and do not like us, and she proved a charming addition to our circle. Tell her how much we all love her, as indeed every body does, and must do. But beware, Gerald, and do not you go to follow every body's example. There is a reason against it — and that reason, as well as many other amusing things, you shall learn when you come to attend our maiden state in Lower Court, and to account for your very strange appearance, so lately, upon our royal line of coast—a matter that, I promise you, I am curious to hear rationally explained. But as my secret spies add that

you were observed in good health and spirits, curiosity, thank God, is my strongest feeling on the subject.

"Farewell, dear Gerald. I hope you will come down with the Knightlies. Adieu!—But no—I will *not* leave something I have to add for a postscript; 'tis a stale affectation ever since St. Pierre first (I believe) built an aphorism about it out of poor Virginia's letter to her unhappy Paul. And now you already begin to suspect and to enjoy *my unaffected* confusion. 'Tis so, Gerald, or I believe it is. Some day, not far off—I fear, at least, to be questioned or importuned on the matter, and I am not prepared honestly to say a downright—no. And, fatherless and motherless as I am, must I not (though my own mistress, which weighs nothing in the case,) seek the advice and approval of the brother I love? Clangore will smile applause at your opinion, or we will compel him to do so, and therefore I confess only to you. Perhaps, in the first instance, he might question the pretensions of my conqueror; and so, indeed, though not in such a lord-like or Anti-Irish way, may you, Gerald. Hitherto, I have not been able to get you to love the Knightlies as

well as they deserve; and—(murder will out)—and yet it *is*—a Knightly. But, my brother, a Knightly whom you will be more gratified to call *your* brother, than if he were a throned king of the earth! A Knightly, whose almost mere appearance will give you unspeakable joy, in thinking that through him—*him*, above all living men, your rooted prejudices to this family, and your particular cause of abhorrence of them, are all to melt away in thrice-cemented kindliness and affection!

"You divine what I mean. If not, see and know this wonder-working person, and be convinced that I do not rave. As I have already said, he will visit you, in all likelihood, before my letter comes into your hands. So that, at all events, you now understand

"Your most affectionate sister,

"AUGUSTA BLOUNT."

"Do I?" soliloquized Gerald—"do I, sister Augusta? Let the next thing I understand be the Pythagorean problem, if I do. What can she mean?—Indeed, what does the greater part of the letter mean?—What is the particular cause for my abhorrence of these inex-

haustible Knightlies? None that I know of. All along, I only thought little of them; and such, without the trouble of 'abhorrence,' is my present feeling, and nothing more. And in what way was this 'eldest son' to turn my indifference towards the whole numerous family, root and branch, into unbounded interest and affection?—Was he to have given me love-powders; or does he catch hearts wherever he goes, as the royal rat-catchers charm all the vermin they live by?—Pho! they have filled Augusta's mind, enfeebled, as I fear it is, by early and continued illness of body, with some absurd romance or other, which, under their tutelage, and for their ends, she thus vents upon me. Ay; that close-mouthed, elderly Irish squire, and that Miss Rhoda—(a fine, independent, masculine character, with her beauty and forwardness to eke it out, she must have grown into by this time)—they well know how to manage poor Augusta; playing off her schools and her associations upon her, to hide their real views. The 'eldest son' is one of the 'gentlemen' who assist her benevolence, I suppose: yes, yes; first secretary, at least. I

am well rid of him and his father. I am glad they intruded last night, otherwise this letter might have thrown me off my guard. As a younger brother, it is not immediately my part to interfere; but, the moment I reach London, Clangore shall. And what is this folly about my having appeared stealthily or mysteriously on the coast? Is Augusta really ignorant of the circumstances under which I visited Ireland?—She must be. She speaks of the shipwreck, yet separates me from it; and either the Knightlies themselves are also unaware that I shared that misfortune, or they will not tell Augusta what they know, till she is sure I am out of danger. Well; that, at least, is considerate. But no doubt they have a deep interest in shielding her from any thing that could injure her health: oh, no doubt of that! To be sure they must have heard I was wrecked; old Knightly had it from the female crew of half-smugglers, half-Rockites, that so kindly conveyed me to the cabin; perhaps from the lips of the very disconsolate damsel, to whose personal admiration I hold myself indebted so much: he may be an old smuggler himself, on a grand

scale: I have heard that Irish gentlemen dabbled in such speculations before now; hence their boasted claret. Again, I cannot make out Augusta's eloquence, when—alluding to that unhappy duel,—she mysteriously insists on my being so especially bound to thank God for the issue of the transaction—or, at least, for the result of the whole matter. I suppose she rejoices in my not having been the individual detected in his wife's company by poor Cox. But let it pass, along with a good deal more, that she has wrapt up in such ambiguous foldings. Women are ever strange correspondents, or even conversers; they never can bring themselves to speak out. No matter.—Go down to her? face all the 'Knightlies, and embroil myself particularly with the 'eldest son?' No, Augusta; your letter cannot even be answered at present, supposing me able to answer it, with my own hand. No. Imagine it has missed me until I reach London, and then your elder brother shall notice it. Some portions of it were interesting to me, indeed; those about her corps of new Irish servants, and that old lame gardener, and his shrubs and creeper; but the 'eldest son' mars all. And now it is more than

ever my duty to get funds as soon as possible, and the moment this unlucky arm is better, embark for England.—Will Mr. Gore return to Dublin in time, though ?"

CHAPTER VI.

"WILL Mr. Gore return to Dublin in time, though?"—It was a question Gerald often repeated, not only during that day, but during many ensuing ones. He grew well enough to get up, and, his arm still in a sling, to exchange the confined solitude of his chamber for the range of two spacious apartments, contiguous to it; but his good friend did not yet seem able to keep the conditional appointment his lady had made for him.

Gerald became very uneasy and impatient. His situation was most embarrassing. For many important reasons he should long ago have been in England; and now his arm was well enough to allow him to travel (though not to write) and he could not stir. His purse contained little more than would make a suitable return for the able and kind attentions of his surgeon; and

funds he must have for Mr. Morrysson, and for tailors, boot-makers, and haberdashers, yet unknown, and for travelling expenses to England; and supposing Mr. Gore still to remain out of Dublin, how were those funds to be got? Again, he thought of asking the proprietor of the hotel, or his surgeon, to write to London in his name; but again his former difficulties occurred; nay, a new objection started,—his bankers would not attend to an order not in his hand, though professing to come from him. Augusta would instantly assist him; but if he opened a correspondence with her, he must answer her letter; and that was altogether inexpedient, so long as he remained in Ireland. Gerald, then, at this renewed deliberation, could see no chance of relief but that upon which he had first calculated, namely, the providential appearance of Mr. Gore; unless, indeed, he postponed his hopes of escape out of Ireland to the period at which he could safely take a pen in his own fingers.

Endeavouring once more to make up his mind "to wait," he desired, upon this day, to be accommodated with apartments at the side of the hotel which faced the street, in order that he

might relieve his solitude by looking out at his fellow-creatures as they passed up and down before his windows. His wishes were promptly attended to; and, the moment he entered his new lodgings, Gerald, excited by the rattling of carriages and carts, and the rest of the ordinary noise of a street, hastened to avail himself of his opportunity once more to gaze at new faces. He could have made striking likenesses from memory of all the waiters who had attended him during his more strict confinement, so minutely were the particulars of their features impressed on his mind, if indeed his weariness of the men would have permitted his engaging in the task.

It was a street of considerable bustle he looked out upon. More fashionable equipages than he supposed Dublin contained passed under his review, and a respectable stream of pedestrians kept pouring along the flag-ways.

"About this hour in the morning, Sir," said the head-waiter, "a stranger in Dublin might be amused by having pointed out to him different remarkable gentlemen who pass this hotel going to the Four-Courts."

"Then stand by my side, and catch a few of

those great people for me, if you can:" the man bowed, and repaired to the window. "Are you an Englishman?" continued Gerald, hoping that he might find in his decorous attendant a man who had acquired respectable habits and demeanour out of Ireland, though much residence in Dublin, of late, would account for his accent.

"My native place is Knockballochery, in the County Kerry, Sir;"—Gerald wondered.

"Well; can you see any body, yet?"

"I think I can, Sir: please to look at that tall, lusty gentleman, with the Oxford-grey surtout, buttoned below, but wide open at the breast, and with the quaker-like hat, and the healthy, good-humoured face, and his eyes cast down, thinking, and the umbrella lying along his arm: he that walks so firm and stout."

"I have him—he may be some famous priest."

"A friend to them, Sir. That's Counsellor Dan."

"Indeed! and now going to some of the law-courts?"

"Yes, Sir; to the Four-Courts. See how

all the people turn to look after him, Sir, and then smile at each other as they pass: they like to see him walking so bravely along, with his broad shoulders and his full breast; and 'tis thought he likes to be seen by them, stepping out over the flags of Dublin, through thick and thin, friends and foes; for he could go in his carriage to the Four-Courts every day if he thought fit, Sir;—look, Sir! here it comes, close after him."

"The green one, with the green coachman, and green harness-ribbons?"

"Yes, Sir; and he'd have the horses green, if he could."

"Pray assist me, again;—I have my eye, I think, upon some other popular character, for the people turn to look after him, too; though he is so different a figure from Mr. O'Connell: I mean the low, slight, little gentleman, who walks so rapidly, jerking his arms, and pushing out his under-lip so often, and whose complexion is so bilious, and whose nose is rather short and cocked, and—now that he happens to look up—whose eyes are so dark, and fine, and expressive?"

" You 're right, Sir; that 's Mr. Shiel."

" Ay!—he is overtaken, now, by a very large person, who carries his head very high, and wears his clothes very loose, and has great whiskers, and a profusion of shirt-collar, and bears a huge stick or club on his shoulder—is he any one of note?"

" Indeed, and he is, Sir! Counsellor O'Gorman, the Secretary, no less."

" The secretary?—what secretary?"

" Of the Catholic boord, Sir."

" Well, and that other gigantic gentleman who now meets him and Mr. Shiel—who is he?"

" It 's a lucky morning for you, Sir; sure he is Mr. Eneas M'Donnell, that hunts the Biblicals over the whole country, and gives them no rest or pace: when he 's on his legs, it would be no asy thing to make him sit down, Sir, against his liking, as you may persave, and he knows that well."

" See! the three gentlemen are passed by another, who, by the expression of his brow to them, does not seem a friend."

" Do you mean the gentleman with the

broad red face, Sir, black coat and waistcoat, yellow leather breeches, top-boots, spurs, and a heavy whip in his hand?"

"The same."

"Then you're right again, Sir; it's the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, that calls himself commander-in-chief of all the Orangemen, and offered himself yesterday, in the papers, as hangman to the same gentlemen you're after seeing pass by."

"A precious set altogether!" thought Gerald: "what a state of society! what people! what a baronet! what a clergyman!"

"But no one minds poor little Sir Harcourt, Sir: he's only cracked a little, and hasn't a bit of harm in him, after all. Now, Sir, here's one worth looking at; the purple-faced old gentleman that gets such a shaking on the back of that little rough-coated horse, bending forward, and dropping his jaw so much, and followed by a servant. If ever you heard of the pleasantest judge in the Four-Courts, there he is, Sir—old, old Lord Norbury."

"Pray, glance the other way, after Sir Harcourt Lees—he stops at the corner of a street a good way off, to shake hands with a gentleman—

quick, and tell me if you know his friend; —tut! they both turn up that cross street, now."

Gerald believed he had caught a glimpse of a person who interested him much more than all the famous Irish characters in Dublin—Mr. Gore. Something very like that gentleman's bland and seducing mode of address certainly met his eye; and the side face, too, though but remotely viewed, almost placed three hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket. He flattered himself that his fascinating debtor might absolutely have been on his way to Morrysson's, after just arriving in town; and that he only stepped back with the clerical Baronet, to discuss some passing topic, and would soon re-appear, coming down the street to the door of the hotel.

Full of this pleasing hope, Gerald dismissed the waiter, and sat watching at the window;—but he watched in vain. Either he had been deceived, and had not seen Mr. Gore, or that gentleman was in town, and intentionally neglected him. The latter supposition could not rest on Gerald's mind; and, still after days of disappointment, he ultimately adopted the former.

"I must wait a little longer," was Gerald's only consolation; "the surgeon promises that I may wield a pen in a day or two; and if my obliging friend does not come in the mean time, then, at least, I shall assist myself."

Simultaneously he formed another sensible resolution, which was, to divert as cheerfully as he could the continued tedium of his solitude. For the twentieth time, he turned to one of the books his surgeon had sent him, a "Guide through Dublin." The descriptions it contained of the public buildings aroused his interest, even while they offended his taste, as too pompous and exaggerated. He had often heard Irishmen boast of the beauty of their metropolis, until the fervour of their praises sounded absurd. To compare Dublin with London, was, at a glance, to betray overweening nationality; but absolutely to rank, upon any account, a city containing about two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, above one containing more than a million above the Queen city, the Babylon of the modern world—this had always seemed to Gerald the very extreme of Irish vanity. And now, the puffs in the "Guide" had the same effect on his mind.

Yet he felt anxious to see with his own eyes, and form a settled opinion by their agency. Why should he not glide out, next morning, at the earliest light, and stroll through the streets? He need not fear observation. No one in Dublin knew his person, except Mr. Gore, and a meeting with him would be rather pleasing than disagreeable; besides, early in the morning, he could not be exposed to the chance of any less wished-for, though barely possible rencounter; while it was the very best hour at which to get a satisfactory view of a strange city, ere its various crowds of humble and fashionable, of bustling men of business and of bustling beauty, should be in the way to call off his attention from what must then dwindle into the inanimate accompaniments of a living, breathing picture.

He would go forth at seven o'clock the next morning. This resolution once taken, Gerald grew very restless and fidgetty of his confinement in the mean time. He once more turned over the leaves of the "Guide;" it irritated him, and he twirled it down the table. There was a newspaper at hand, which he had conned over and over, all but the advertisements. The an-

nouncement of a Catholic Meeting at "D'Arcy's Globe Tavern, Essex-street," fixed him. He should very much like to see Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel in debate. Of the waiter, who just entered, he inquired if the matter to be discussed at the notified meeting was likely to prove interesting.

The man answered, highly so. "Mr. O'Connell," he continued, "was for not trusting the great petition to Mr. Plunket, without instructions as to the kind of securities the Catholics would be willing to give in exchange for emancipation: Mr. Shiel was for sending it to him just as it was, and leaving every thing to Mr. Plunket's own wisdom; and all the old vetoists, and a good many that were not vetoists, would make a great stand with Mr. Shiel against Mr. O'Connell; and it was thought, for once in his life, Counsellor Dan would lose the day;" and, in fact, Gerald comprehended, that if ever he wished to hear a real Catholic discussion, he ought not to lose this one.

He took his resolve suddenly. A fashioner, as the waiter called him, soon appeared with a variety of ready-manufactured suits; a boot-maker, a hatter, a haberdasher, nay, even a

glover, followed in his train ; and, just in time for the meeting, Gerald, after nearly emptying his inconsiderable purse, got into a hackney-coach, and was driven to D'Arcy's.

The Catholic parliament were not then so well accommodated with a place for debate, as at present they are understood to be. Gerald entered a second or third-rate tavern, and made his way up a narrow staircase into an ordinary-sized room, communicating with another by folding-doors, now flung open. Both apartments were beginning to be rapidly filled, but as the greater part of the people had not yet come in, the crowd was not too dense to forbid Gerald's approach, even with his lame arm, to the table arranged for the debaters. His place was scarce secured, however, when a great bustle occurred ; and first, Mr. O'Gorman, the Secretary, walked sturdily into the room, carrying his great shillelagh on his right shoulder, which he laid down on the table with an important air, as if it had been the great seal, or the Speaker's mace ; and then followed Mr. O'Connell, towing Mr. Eneas M'Donnell, and pursued by a throng that quickly stuffed the two apartments to the walls. A little person, wearing an unfashion-

ably shaped blue-frock, who had been previously turned from the table, looking over some manuscript, now quickly faced round, and Gerald recognized the pale-coloured, peculiar, but highly intellectual features of Mr. Shiel. His hat was off, and a superfluity of black hair, divided, with some affectation, like a woman's, or an old statue's, upon his forehead, gave his head a peculiar character. Mr. O'Connell also appeared uncovered, exhibiting a plain unromantic brown wig, that whimsically turned up behind, so as to leave visible part of the back of his neck. He took off his Oxford-grey surtout, fully unbuttoned his under-coat, half unbuttoned his waistcoat, touched his profuse muslin frill, pulled down, until it hung at almost its full length out of his fob, a massive gold chain, to which fitly appended a ponderous bunch of seals, took the chain in his right-hand, and began whirling the seals about; thrust his left-hand into his breast; got into a slight rocking motion, half-earnest, half-swaggering; and looking exceedingly serious, seemed as if collecting his thoughts from some score of law cases that day gone through, to fix them on the new business in hand. He had taken up his position close to Mr. Shiel;

and as that young gentleman, turning sideways to the chair, folded his arms hard, compressed his small well-cut lips, or sometimes pushed out the under one, and, growing paler, and glancing upwards, as he was obliged to do, fixed his glittering black eyes upon the very Irish, but not otherwise remarkable face of his vast antagonist, no contrast (in their situation) could be more remarkable than that which appeared between both.

In a few seconds, a judicious friend of Mr. O'Connell moved his brother into the chair, and the great "agitator" immediately "set-to." Gerald remembered that the question for discussion, namely, whether Mr. Plunket should receive the Catholic petition with or without instructions, was one upon which these gentlemen had also differed, to their loss, with Mr. Grattan. Mr. O'Connell's brogue, and his long drawling way of speaking,—his see-saw motion, his continued twirling of his chain and seals, the awkward sweep of his disengaged arm, and his bending low, whenever he sought to be emphatic; all this did not please Gerald in the first instance. It was inveterately and broadly Irish. But as he listened, and got used to the

novelty, the orator's fluent diction, and close reasoning, made a more favourable impression. Mr. O'Connell argued that Mr. Plunket should not be chosen as their parliamentary advocate, without solemnly declaring against the veto. He assumed, as the necessity for this measure, he ambiguity of some written pledge sent in by the College member to their Secretary. He read resolutions of synods of their bishops, passed against the veto many years before; and he urged the assembly to attach these ecclesiastical dicta to the official note accompanying their petition, and to add their determination to abide by them. Gerald could recognize little of the demagogue in Mr. O'Connell's opening speech. "The counsellor" stood before him as a man deeply in earnest, or seeming to be so; well informed in his subject; inflexible in his conscientious scruples; calm, serious, and with more of appeal and entreaty than of bluster in his manner;—and, from all he had previously heard, this surprised Gerald; and, indeed, it seemed equally to surprise those around him. "Dan is very quiet to-day," they said. On more than one occasion, when Mr. Shiel's friends interrupted him with cries of "question!" Gerald

only remarked a studied pause in the speaker, and then a ready and adroit plea for patience. The continued whispers of the gentlemen near to Gerald explained this mystery. As had been premised by the waiter at Morrysson's, half the assembly was composed of predetermined voters against their old idol, and it behoved him to break ground very cautiously. These critics did not add, what Gerald ultimately discovered, that it was also Mr. O'Connell's plan to make as long a speech as he possibly could.

At length, however, he had left himself no pretext to continue longer on his legs; and Mr. Shiel, whose deep and almost startling look scarce turned till that moment from his opponent's face, jerked round to answer him. "The ear-piercing fife" was hardly shriller than the "Sir!" with which, addressing the chair, the young politician began, as he stepped back from the table, closed one hand on his breast, and protruded the other, clenched also. Gerald was within one or two of Mr. Shiel, and almost started. Sentence after sentence rang out, in the same key, modified, now and then, by a somewhat theatrical but melodious under-tone. This energy, at starting, must soon have defeated it-

self, if it could not progress to a climax really vehement. But so it did.

It was Mr. Shiel's plan to shake the authority and weight of Mr. O'Connell's opinion, in the present instance, by stamping with inconsistency, and satirizing bitterly many previous opinions of the veteran agitator, upon the same, or upon similar questions. He read manuscript-extracts from newspapers, purporting to bear Mr. O'Connell's signature, all at variance with his present proposition, or with each other. Taking up Mr. Plunket's written pledge to the Secretary, he made it bear a construction very different from that given to it by Mr. O'Connell; and he proceeded to an eulogium, ardently eloquent, upon the talents and political character of Mr. Plunket, calling him the only man alive fit, in every way "to bear their mighty cause upon his Atlantean shoulders." In the first part of his address, Mr. Shiel was loudly applauded, and Mr. O'Connell much laughed at, and evidently losing ground. But now Gerald began to discover the tact and mannerism of the Catholic colossus, and, at the same time, to witness the excessive vivacity of his antagonist. It was by no means Mr. O'Connell's policy to allow his

young and learned friend uninterruptedly to accumulate evidence and sentiments which, pressing upon the understanding of the meeting, might prove too much even for his own prescriptive popularity, and for his time and materials for reply. He did not, therefore, hesitate to interrupt Mr. Shiel, almost at every sentence. He flatly denied the connexion of the extracts that had given him such a blow, and demanded, what he knew could not be immediately produced, the newspaper-file itself. He called to order every two minutes, "merely to correct a fact." When Mr. Plunket's name was reverently mentioned, he hinted, under his breath, as it were, that just then, Mr. Plunket had at his disposal "some very snug commissionerships of bankruptcy for rising young vetoist lawyers." With well-feigned solemnity he squibbed off sundry personal sarcasms, and cross-fired, and hedge-fired, at the battle-array of his opponent, and at the powers of comprehension, of patience, and of abstinence of the close-packed rooms, until his contemplated result was amply produced. Mr. Shiel's clarion voice became a scream; his visage grew ghastly; his lips blue; his eyes rounded and flash-

ed; he jumped back, and he jumped forward; he smote the table; he raised his clenched hands to his head,—reminding Gerald of Kean, in the mad tragedy of Bertram, about to strew the halls of Aldobrand with his raven hair—he foamed; he grinned; and, (if it seem a bathos in narration, it was also one in the reality,) he began to repeat the same eloquent things over and over again, and thereby tire his own friends. For it was now past six o'clock; dinners were overdone at home; guests were met without hosts; wives were "nursing their wrath, to keep it warm;" and still the indignant orator would reply to every one of Mr. O'Connell's interruptions; and then go back to the subject, arguing after convincing, and, above all, evidently bent upon a grand peroration. His warmest adherents obstreperously expostulated with him, requesting to be "let home to their dinners." He turned upon them, eloquently and poetically demanding, "if the great and sublime interests of their freedom and their religion were to be sacrificed because their domestic viands lay smoking on the board?" They remonstrated again; Mr. O'Connell still poked at him; he

would not have done; he would not sit down; and many thereupon deserted, for their "beef and cabbage, and a hot tumbler," (Mr. Shiel had said "viands,") the famishing post of patriotism.

"Wretches hang, that jurymen dine."

But for reasons, Mr. O'Connell had not so tired his liege men. From various "asides" Gerald understood that many of them were to dine with himself; the rest remained, because they felt almost personally engaged in a contest which, for the first time, threatened to end in a majority against their worshipped leader. He knew this; and, waiting for the politician's moment, *magnanimously sacrificed his right to* a *reply*, and, raising himself the cry of "question, question!" organized a division while Mr. Shiel yet stood screaming to the chair.

Gerald continued observant. The greater orator's voters stood their ground; their opponents went up-stairs. Tellers were appointed; and counting heads after them, the two antagonists stood at the outer-door, side by side. Mr. O'Connell's votes were first ascertained. They amounted to eighty-five. Now came the tug. It was a hard-fought, doubtful battle;

and, as Gerald studied the countenances of the political commanders, he saw that neither had yet arrived at any anticipation of the issue.

"Come down, gentlemen!" cried Mr. Shiel, at the stairfoot, and his friends descended like a cataract. "Eighty!" he shouted, turning in his eightieth man. "O'Connell! what's that you say *you* are?"

"Eighty-five!" shouted his learned friend.

"Eighty-one—two—three!" continued the author of Evadne:—"Come down, if you please, gentlemen!—eighty-four!—for God's sake, come down! what keeps you up there?"

"There's no one else to send down to you, Mr. Shiel, Huzza!" exclaimed one of Mr. O'Connell's tellers, who had run up to see: and "Huzza! huzza!" shouted Mr. O'Connell, rushing back into the room, throwing off his broad-brimmed hat, and jumping perpendicularly upward, while all his seals rattled—"We have it, boys! we have it!—No veto! no vetoists! Huzza!" a great shout followed.

Gerald stept out to the door and looked at Mr. Shiel. He continued to stand at the stairfoot, his hand resting on the balustrade, his

head drooped, his lips firmly shut, the paleness of exhaustion and disappointment now succeeding to that of excitement and vehemence, and his large luminous eyes half-closed in fatigue. A heavy step descended the stairs: he started and looked up. An old man, some superannuated servant of the house, came down; Mr. Shiel clutched him with both hands. "And whom do *you* vote for?" he screamed into his ear.

"The Lord bless you! Sir," answered the old man, much startled, "I don't know how to vote at all—I'm not used to it."

"And what brings you here, then?" twisting the poor old fellow round, and violently turning him down the second flight of stairs.

"'Twas very exciting," ruminated Gerald, on his way home; "Irish, to be sure;—but am I to leave them nothing Irish? I certainly witnessed much knowledge of the matter in debate, much cleverness and tact in its discussion; and from Shiel, eloquence, absolute eloquence, which time will perfect, and render more pleasant to an English ear. No. These men are not to be considered as many would wish us to consider them. Very different, indeed, are they

and their audience from any thing of the kind in England; but are they so inferior as is said? To be sure, they lack the decorum and the propriety of our speakers; and the meeting, for its rank, showed less steadiness of demeanour than one might see at the Crown-and-Anchor in the Strand; yet I have beheld this day, in this real Irish Catholic debate, an earnestness, a reality, a downright energy, which, every thing considered, I like."

CHAPTER VII.

PURSUANT to his plan, Gerald issued forth, next morning, in the first glow of such a February sun as is sometimes witnessed in England, but oftener in Ireland. He did not propose to learn the names of streets and squares, or to acquire a geographical knowledge of a city which he must leave so soon, and most probably never revisit; and he went, therefore, unprovided with a map, and without much previous reference to the "Guide."

Turning to his left, from the steps of his hotel, he walked up a street of some aristocratic importance, as was evident from the fact of its being composed exclusively of private-houses. It led him into a square containing as many noble-looking mansions as any square in London, and nearly twice as spacious as any. Keeping to his left, he rambled into another, of less dimensions, but elegant proportion. He paced

round to it, and then down a street which led him again to his hotel. Delivered from this, he pushed across the street which ran at right angles with it, and down another opposite to him. Now he began to despair of Dublin, and to think he had already viewed its best quarter, for the houses gradually became mean, and the way not cleanly. He involved himself in a maze of alleys and mews, and was losing his patience as well as his way. Suddenly he emerged into a fine broad street of shops. Close at his left hand, arose, obviously, a "public building." "Come," said Gerald. The edifice seemed a square of about one hundred feet, with three fronts, and crowned by a dome. Gerald admitted it to be a graceful and fine structure. He faced round, as its chief front faced, and looked down a spacious street, also of business; straight forward over a handsome bridge; and on still, in a straight line, until the avenue became indistinct in the distance.

"Good," said Gerald;—"I am near the river; let me see their vaunted quays." He gained the bridge, and, standing over its middle arch, glanced up and down; and, up and down, farther than his eye could distinctly reach, there

appeared, indeed, quays that, after all, he allowed had not been overpraised. And to his right, as he continued to look towards the river's source, a building of peculiar beauty arrested his attention. It consisted of a centre supporting a dome, and of squares at each side, separated from the quay by arcade screens, surmounted by stone balustrades, and having open archways into court-yards. The front of the centre pushed a portico of Corinthian pillars with pilasters to the quay, supporting a pediment, ornamented with statues. Above arose a circular lantern, divided by pillars, an entablature, and then the dome. The quay-wall in front of the whole building was surmounted by a massive balustrade, which running, at either hand, to the distance of about a hundred feet, joined the balustrades of the bridge upon which Gerald stood, and also that of another in the contrary direction, and thus formed a finished and splendid foreground to the whole pile. "I wish, after all, I knew the names of these two buildings," said Gerald; glancing alternately from that before him to the first he had viewed, and of which the principal front now terminated the street leading

to his present stand. Of a man who came by, crying "Freestone-ne-ne-whoo!" in a very startling manner, he made his inquiries; and, after the stentorian fellow allowed him to wait till he had ended the last cadence of his savage song, was answered—"Why, you're a stranger in Dublin entirely, Sir, not to know the ould Royal Exchange, and the Four-Coorts, long life to 'em!"

Gerald crossed the bridge, and proceeded up the long line of street running from it. Here he encountered nothing remarkable but the extent of a city, indicated by the streets that branched to his right and to his left, as well as by the length of that one which he traversed. It struck him, however, that as his hotel and the squares in its vicinity, with the Royal Exchange, lay at one side of the river, and the quarter he now explored, including the Four-Courts, at the other, Dublin seemed to be equally divided by its quays: a much more interesting as well as convenient arrangement for a city, than that of London, running in parallels, to such a tiring extent, along one bank only of the unseen Thames.

"This must almost concentrate," said Ge-

rald, "the different haunts of business and of pleasure, and permit one to come upon either, from the outskirts, at any side, in a comfortably short time; instead of being compelled to travel four miles to one's banker's from Portman-square, or three miles to the theatre from about the same point."

The long street, or rather succession of streets, at last ended; and continuing to walk forward through a fashionable outlet, Gerald stood upon a broad road, having good residences at its either side. With his right hand to the way he had come, he looked over an extensive clustering of the city, which, he concluded, he yet knew nothing of; its spires and domes, its blue roofs and red-chimney tops appearing vividly against a back-ground of the sea, of which the sun-tipt waters were alive with vessels, outbound and inbound, while snatches of picturesque sweeps of land, some blue and lonely, some showing villages or villas, farther beautified the scene. Gerald paused in pleasure. It was to him a peculiar and very interesting view. The city and the sea; artificial bustle and nature's solitudes; the works of man and the works of God; all so

immediately in contrast;—"Very beautiful, Dublin," quoth Gerald; "very beautiful, I admit." And he was pleased to reflect how well situated for the purpose of traffic Dublin was; a bay thus running, as it were, almost into her arms.

He moved from his agreeable position, and bent his steps to explore some of the yet strange quarter over which he had been looking into the blue waves. Abandoning the road, he made way through fashionable private streets to a square, nearly as good as the second one he had discovered at the other side of the river. He pushed on, sure that every step brought him into the midst of the quarter he wished to observe. But, by the common mistake of traversing streets that seemed running straight to his point, but that really, though gradually, diverged from it, Gerald, after a good deal of twining and turning, was ushered almost upon the bridge which he had crossed from the Exchange. Despairing of doing better, he recrossed it; again stood before the Royal Exchange; and, after a second glance at the building, looked down the broad street which ran to his left.

As before-mentioned, this was a street of shops and offices, with, about half-way, a public building incorporated with it: another, of much greater importance, seemed to terminate it. "Indeed?" said Gerald; "I thought, from the monotony of my last ramble, that I had seen all of these worth seeing." He quickened his steps down the street, and, after passing an equestrian statue, stopped short, not before one, but between two structures, which, whether from their relieving and enhancing one another, or that their separate merits claimed the eulogy, he thought produced a richer effect of architectural beauty than he had seen in London or in Paris. The first swept across the end of the street; the second partly occupied its termination, at the left hand, and partly curved round another that took it up at right angles. The front of the former was of a grave yet chaste character, running about three hundred feet; its stones were weather-stained to a dark tint, and here and there spotted with white; the order of its architecture was the Corinthian. The centre of the other was a magnificent colonnade of the Ionic order, forming three sides of a rectangular court-yard,

supporting an entablature, based on a flight of steps, and continuing round, at either hand, to meet two almost equally splendid fronts: the colour of its stone was light, as was itself, though so extensive a structure; and to complete its contrast with its adjacent rival, the morning sun played through its clusters of pillars, through its receding spaces, and partially over its summit, while the other impressive mass of building remained in shadow.

Again Gerald condescended to ask of a humble passer-by the name of "those public buildings." The man was one of many newsvenders, who, to his annoyance, had for some time been hurrying up and down this end of the street, vociferating, in a vile Dublin brogue, (the vilest of any in Ireland, for it is slang-brogue) — "Dublil Evelil Post!" —"Weekly Registher!" — "Freemal!" — "Sauldhers!"—and so forth; and, at Gerald's question, the ill-clad fellow glanced at him from head to foot, with an expression half-waggish, half impudent, as he replied, in his own national way, "Them public buildils, Sir?" The appearance of groups of young men in academic gowns and caps, issuing, at this moment,

through the gateway of the edifice which terminated the street, informed Gerald, without farther assistance from the news-vender, that to his right was the Alma-Mater of Congreve, Swift, Goldsmith, Berkley, Burke, Grattan, Curran; he therefore confined his renewed questions to the other structure.

"Maybe, you lever hard o' the Parliamelt House that we used to hab il Dublil, Sir?"

"Yes; thank you;" Gerald was turning off.

"Al you dol't know you're il ould College-Greel this morlil, Sir? lor who the little mal sittil ol the horse, there, like al uldacent high-lalder, is, Sir?"

"No; but you will tell me."

"That's King Willy, Sir, that we sticks ovel with ribbols, twice a-year, Sir."

"Thank you, again. Pray, are there any more public buildings, or any continuation of the town worth seeing, in that direction?" pointing down the street which ran at right angles with College-green.

"Lot wol, Sir; lot a bit:—where would *we* get them?—Freemal tuppels! Sauldhers thruppels!" and the man ran screaming away.

Gerald, approaching the College-front, so as

to command the street in question, found that the ragged news-vender had jeered him. It ended at a bridge, more spacious and beautiful than that upon which he formerly stood, and beyond seemed an extent of city superior to what he had yet seen. Having gained the end of this street, and set his foot on the bridge, he stopped short,and looked before him, behind him, and to either hand. Before him ran a street, much wider than Portland-place, to about the extent of three-quarters of a mile, all its houses good, and many of them fine: about mid-way shot up a pillar, surmounted by a colossal statue, to the height of more than one hundred feet, doric fluted; and fronting it, at the left-hand side, projected a portico of Ionic columns, also fluted, attached to a building of considerable extent: indistinct in the distance, at the end of the street, appeared part of a round, unique-looking edifice; and the view was crowned by the light and graceful spire of a church, still more remote, and peering over an expanse of houses. Behind him, in a continued line, was the street he had last traversed, closed by the confronting University and former Parliament House. To his left-hand stretched the

" vaunted quays," connected at either side of the river by bridge after bridge, one appearing through the arches of another, and another through the arches of that again, until the last grew almost visionary; and still more to the left, ancient steeples and spires, overtopping dark masses of building, suggested an extensive and populous portion of Dublin, which he had not yet approached. And to his right-hand, over a forest of masts, and beautifully finishing the quay that ran to it, towered, what Gerald concluded to be, the Custom-house; a building not unlike that on the banks of the Thames, but handsomer, he thought, or at least more favourably situated and seen.

" Yes," said Gerald, " and better brought out, by its forming a feature of this whole picture. Indeed, I now understand how Dublin and her public buildings, though so inferior to London and her's, *seem* superior, or at least more interesting. They group together, and make pictures together. In London they stand widely separated, or hide themselves amid mazy streets and dusky houses. Here, all you want to see challenges your eye almost at once; there, you must go hunting out, one by one, all you

want to see. Nay, very often, when you come suddenly upon a public building, you *cannot* see it at all; that is, not the whole of it;—of St. Paul's, equal to these Dublin buildings in a lump, one absolutely does not see a tenth part from the Church-Yard. One can only walk round it, and look up at a single front, and then the dome vanishes. A mile or two away, the dome appears, but you lose the rest. If it stood at the end of such a street as I see before me, and if the other great and splendid edifices of London stood in different parts of such a city panorama as this is!—but until they do, or until the immense and crammed Babylon allows of such four openings, to my front, to my back, to my right hand, and to my left—until then, I must admit that I now stand in the centre of perhaps the most beautiful city-picture in the world.

"And is there any more of it?" resumed Gerald, after a pause of admiration, when his attention was diverted by the clattering approach of a troop of the —th dragoons, whom he much wondered to see in Dublin. An officer headed them, sitting very stately and warlike in his saddle, although his smooth, boyish face seemed,

at a distance, not to look the warrior. At a closer approach that inoffensive face, however, startled Gerald. It was Flood's.

"Why, when I parted from him in Paris, he was in the —th," thought Gerald: "shall I avoid him?"

The question came too late; for with a quiet "Ah, old and excellent fellow-student," Flood halted close by his side.

"Few words, now, by your love for me," he continued, "I am compelled to conclude, by the very primitive workings of your features, good Blount, that you are in one of your old fits of agitation at seeing me here: credit me, I also experience the indication of a faint surprise at the vision of Gerald Blount on Carlisle-bridge. Six little words, however, will elucidate my case: at the pressing and tiring recommendations of my gallant parent, I exchanged, and was incontinently sent to Dublin with my new comeradoes; what has placed you before my longing eyes I cannot tarry to learn. Stern duties are in hand: you behold a man—once more much sacrificed in the service of his paternal country—who, since twilight yester-evening, has scarce been out of his sad-

dle, such was his zeal in reconnoitring the harbour of the Grand-canal, situate beyond the purlieus of the Broad Stone, and Stony-Batter, expectant of an invasion of this good city of Dublin by a fleet of turf-boats, bearing as many armed Rockites or Ribbonmen, as 'sods of turf,' from various bog-holes in the heart of wild Ireland, who, it is ascertained, propose to themselves the amiable achievement of cutting the throat of each man, woman, and child, that sprinkleth not the forehead with holy-water."

"What! Flood?"

"I retreat at that inconveniencing expression of interest," continued Flood, spurring his fine charger, so as to make him prance; "or no, —one single word in very compassion for you. As yet, 'you, and I, and all of us,' are safe; no fleet appeareth; in an hour, follow to my post of guard at the Castle, or, as Mr. Gore pronounces that word of power, 'the cawstle;' then shall I be relieved from my rigid and perilous duties, and then shall we more abundantly converse; the faint resemblance of breakfast appearing between us during our colloquy. Now, be thou very happy, and bear a poor friend in mind."

Flood trotted off at the head of his company, leaving Gerald much interested, if not alarmed, at his account of the threatened invasion of Dublin by Captain Rock. Now, at all events, the sooner he escaped from such a disturbed and disagreeable state of society, the better. Doubtless his old schoolfellow had, according to his manner of relating every thing, made a mockery of the circumstance, and perhaps exaggerated its importance, even while he sneered at it: but Gerald was at least certain that Flood spoke of real facts, however he might have coloured them, because his practical jesting never went so far as to be indebted to pure invention for the exercise of its talent.

"And Flood himself shall get me off," continued Gerald; "ay, this very day, too."

"I request you to understand me to assert, excellent Blount," said Flood, when, according to his invitation they met at breakfast—"that real, positive, and very afflicting, (to themselves and to each other,) were the fears of the King's most loyal subjects of Dublin yester-even and last night; and still more afflicting will be their condition this coming evening. *We* were not, till a few hours ago, quite convinced of the night

of this imminent slaughter that is to be; hence our late watchfulness;—but, even since I parted from you on Carlisle bridge, very certain and detailed information has reached us. *This*,—pre-doomed Blount! *this* approaching night must prove to be the very one upon which you, among thousands of other guileless victims, are to fall beneath the rusty fowling-pieces, pistols, pikes, prongs, sickles, scythes, long knives, or haply, alpeens of the primitive Irish, reinforced by one hundred thousand half-clad and whole-starved mechanics of the liberties of Dublin. Fly, while thou canst. The soldier's stern duty binds thy friend to his post; but, be it in Pigeon-house packet, or in Pigeon-pie-dish, in merchantman, collier, oysterer, skiff, or open-boat, fly, thou inestimable Blount, and preserve in a happier land the exceedingly precious life which, by such caution, may yet serve mankind, and, it is distantly probable, indite an elegy to the untimely and very unmerited fall of him who loved thee well."

Flood covered his eyes with one hand, and extended the other.

"Your ridicule of this business leads me to hope there will be little danger in staying where

I am, Flood," replied Gerald, laughing. "You surely know it to be an absurd, false alarm?"

"Be not tempted to found any pleasing and perhaps perilous delusion upon the playful manner of thy friend," answered Flood. "I am what I am: Nature bounteously endowed me with a soul enormously inclined to amiable pleasantry even, I venture to anticipate, at the rather interesting moment when the indecent spectre, Death, shall beckon me away from the flowery paths, and smooth flagged-ways of this tolerable world;—therefore, construct no stupendous syllogism upon my present gentle humour; rather go forth, and enter beneath the roofs of the unhappy Protestants of this beleaguered and proscribed city; view the pallid faces of fathers and mothers as they tearfully glance towards their children; or the bolder front of other householders who collect many stand of arms in a corner of the room, and, with the domestic lead torn off the gutters of their houses, and then melted in a kitchen-pot, cast bullets in little bullet-moulds to prepare for the coming night; or haply your mind may receive conviction from the frequent appearance of very reputable ladies of fifty and upwards,

kneeling at chairs and sofas, their faces turned from the windows, and piously stipulating before high Heaven for safety to themselves and their families:—go forth, I say, and believe."

"Nay, Flood; 'tis not such proofs can shake my scepticism, when I see *you* so amusingly indifferent; I will flatter you, for once in my life, by saying, that if there were real danger, you are brave enough, and, after all, sensible enough, to be more serious. No. Not on this account do I accept your advice to fly immediately to England. Yet I have most important reasons to hasten my departure. And without your aid I cannot stir. Listen to my explanation; listen to the circumstances that wafted me to Ireland: listen to a great deal, in fact."

And Gerald related his shipwreck; the breaking of his arm, his consequent want of funds, and his great anxiety to possess some immediately; not even, if possible, would he wait for an answer to the letter Flood might now write to London in his name.

"Somewhat interesting, I half admit," said Flood, sitting upright, as Gerald began his story: "nay, positively interested I insinuate

myself to be," he resumed, as the narrative went on—" Alarming !" he continued: then, at intervals, till Gerald had done, while his old friend often caught his eyes seriously and manfully bent on him, " And very romantically-real, too !"—" but so agitating, again ;"—" so ridiculously frightful,"—" and one compelled to believe its reality, all along, or else engage in single combat with a man-of-the-sea and a Rockite. Monstrous ! an absolute arm fractured ? Blount, though occasionally worthy, you are a desperately incommodious acquaintance ; you go through more than a score of plain, sensible, people, just to put one out of one's way, and make one nearly do so vulgar a thing as to feel. I protest against it : it will very certainly deprive your friend of life ;—he is not inexhaustible."

During the latter part of his speech, Flood had been ringing the bell, asking for writing materials, and penning a draught on his Dublin banker ; now it was completed, and he handed it to his servant, who withdrew.

" Thanks," said Gerald, inclining his head towards the door, " though, indeed, I need not

have thus trespassed upon you, had I had the good fortune to have seen Mr. Gore since my arrival in Dublin."

"Say you so?" asked Flood, turning upon Gerald one of the shrewd, worldly-wise glances that occasionally escaped through all the affectation of his drooped lids and dulled eyes: "May there be the very most delicate approach to a question tantamount to —— what do you mean, fellow-student?"

"I mean that, in the case I supposed, Mr. Gore would have immediately supplied me."

"You are exceedingly confident?"

"Quite so."

"That is—if again be permitted a slight hint of a meaning—that is, it would have been no immeasurably vast flattery if Mr. Gore 'of the cawstle,' had done, as you poetically imagine he would have done, primitive Blount?"

"Such is my meaning."

"Ah, worthy soul!"

"Why your equivocal panegyric, Flood? Mr. Gore is surely a gentleman of punctual habits in these ordinary matters?"

"Long live he so!"

"With all my heart."

"And long live you to think so. But, now, force me into no predicament, no realities over again; suffer, rather, you who cause others so much suffering, the infliction of many disconnected and unfatiguing questions. Why *did* you not, (mark how you infect me with your downright habits of speech,) why *did* you not see Mr. Gore when you came to Dublin?"

Gerald related the circumstances of his having written a note, and of Mrs. Gore having answered it in the manner already known to the reader.

"Ay?" resumed Flood; "let me desperately inconvenience myself by a retrospect of dates and facts. Yes; about that day, Mr. Gore certainly *was* from home; and yet, upon that day, I apprehend I saw him within the limits of this ancient city of Dublin."

"What? you insinuate a horrid thing, and an enigmatical thing, Flood. First, you thought it necessary to compare dates and facts, in order to decide if a lady's assertion was credible; next you would have me believe that Mr. Gore reached home the evening of the day I received that lady's note, and yet came not near me, then or since; is it so?"

"He would cramp me round about still," replied Flood. "Particular and minute Blount, I admit not that he returned into the soft bosom of his home that evening."

"But you saw him in Dublin?"

"Yea, and well and anxiously attended by those who, for a bribe of many hundred pounds, would not consent to his absence."

"At the house of a mutual friend?"

"Of an old acquaintance of Mr. Gore, and, haply, once before known even to me: in fact, excellent fellow, it was in a house which the vulgar call," continued Flood, settling himself in a usual position of consummate indifference to every thing — "a spunging-house, good Blount."

"My three-hundred-and-fifty, adieu!" meditated Gerald.

"But you have not seen him since?" questioned Flood languidly.

"No; have you?"

The servant, re-appearing with a bundle of bank-notes, interrupted Flood's answer, if indeed he would have given one; and the man at the same time announced a gentleman to wait on Captain Flood—Mr. Gore.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE eyes of the friends met expressively as Flood desired Mr. Gore to be shown in; and ere he appeared, the warlike dandy carelessly presented Gerald with the roll of bank-notes, lisping out—"To some men be as a brother, to some as a stone-wall; to some men appear as liberal as you are, to others as a Jew; to one, admit "the good the gods provide thee," to Mr. Gore—(put up the pretty rags by our common love)—to Mr. Gore always be even as a parish pauper."

"Ah, my dear Captain Flood!" cried the honey-tongued Mr. Gore, catching Flood's two hands, as he turned to meet him at the door, "how delighted to see you once again this morning; we all passed a wretched night, but your situation was peculiarly perilous; and be assured your friends in Stephen's-green were not

forgetful of it—still we see you safe, thank God!" another pressure of the hands, which made Flood slightly writhe. "But what is this I hear? The dreadful night not over, after all? This night to be our night of trouble indeed? Have you been whispered as much? You know you are one of us, and people would give you a hint; I suppose they did, my dear Flood?"

"Very sincerely do I regret confirming your melancholy tidings," lisped Flood.

"Gracious heavens! and only to think, amongst other things, that upon this very evening I give my first dinner to dear Angelina, after her return with her husband, that rich rascal, Blake, to Dublin! and you to join us, and all! Good God!"

"Desperately distressing: but I have a notion we overlook a kind of mutual acquaintance all this time," said Flood, glancing over Mr. Gore's shoulder at Gerald, to whom the visitor's back was turned, and whom he had not closely observed when he entered the apartment.

"Who?" asked Mr. Gore, earnestly, and in a low voice, as, again grasping Flood's hands,

he looked into his face, and did not alter his position—"any friend of yours, my dear Captain Flood!—but who?"

"Mr. Gore, how d' you do?" said Gerald, advancing, tired of the scene.

"Ah, heavens! my dear, excellent young friend, Mr. Blount!" quick as thought, Mr. Gore wheeled round, and relinquished Flood's hand to seize on Gerald's, not a jot of any thing but the liveliest and most graceful pleasure now visible in his handsome face;—"What good fortune! what a delightful coincidence with all our very last thoughts at breakfast, in Stephen's-green! you cannot tell how happy we shall all be to see you! Why, my dear Blount, there was a friend of yours, some little time ago, in town, at Morrysson's, I think, and I unfortunately in the country; and Mrs. Gore, I understand, acted so inhospitably (though it is not her habit, I assure you, as you shall and must bear witness) as not to invite the gentleman to call at Stephen's-green; and then, when I got home, I had really so very much to do, I could not immediately go look for him;—but, would you believe it? this very morning I had entered

down a call at Morrysson's in my pocket-book. Good gracious! I hope the gentleman is yet in Dublin?"

"He is, Mr. Gore, and much at your disposal."

"How fortunate!—what pleasure it gives me!—Come, my dear Blount, you shall do me the honour of a personal introduction, and that will be so much the better. My dear Captain, good morning—you hear what duties take me away, but I must call back to consult you about this horrid night; though I, for one, do not despair; hot work it may prove to be, yet surely our fine garrison can protect us: God grant it! Good morning. Come, my dear Blount, first to Morrysson's, and then to Stephen's-green, if you please, where you must allow me the happiness of presenting you to Mrs. Gore, and the Misses Gore; only two of them now, since I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, and —excuse a secret—one of the two not likely to bear her present good name long, ha, ha, ha!—Come."

"Flood, good b'ye," said Gerald, extending his hand, as Mr. Gore hurried him through the door.

"Nay, no leave-taking for a parting that must be very short," resumed Mr. Gore; "for surely, my dear Mr. Blount, you already submit yourself to join my dinner-party to-day, though, God knows how we are to get through the evening!—ah, good reason you had, that delightful day I met you at the Secretary's, across the water, to call this a miserable country!—And Flood is to be with you, you know."

"I fear, Mr. Gore, I must not so surely reckon upon all the pleasure you promise me," said Gerald, shaking Flood's hand, (who lisped—"Enormous inconvenience, this very ancient custom of pumping each other's bodies by the handles;") "for," continued Gerald, "it is my plan to leave Dublin this very day."

"Good heavens! can you mean us so unkindly? But no, no, no; first to your hotel, however, and then—" continued Mr. Gore, obviously abandoning much of the vehement kindliness of his tone and manner,—"why, then we shall see."

Gerald allowed him to bustle him on into the street, because he wished to arrive at something like an explanation with Mr. Gore.

"Gracious heavens!" resumed that gentle-

man, as they walked along in the direction of Morrysson's, "to have missed your good friend so long!"

"You have not missed him absolutely so long as you think: in plain English, my good friend is my good self; only, that for particular reasons, I wished to conceal the fact of my being in Dublin, when I wrote the note to your house, from every one but yourself, Mr. Gore."

"Good God! why it is a very sad and unfortunate case, after all, then.—What ill-chance drove me into the country just at that time! I hope, my dear Mr. Blount, that you got—along with my most sincere regrets for detaining it so long—(a provoking matter which, I hope, I can explain to your satisfaction)—the three hundred and fifty you so very kindly obliged me with in London?"

Gerald, pleased, as well as surprised, said he had not yet had the honour of such a communication from Mr. Gore; mentally concluding that his sudden and late changes of place must have left him ignorant of his unsuspected good fortune, and that, in all likelihood, the enclosure awaited him in London.

"That is very, very strange," said Mr. Gore, thoughtfully, and as if a little alarmed.

"You remitted by post, Sir?" asked Gerald.

"No—but—as I thought—by a much safer conveyance: a friend, a highly reputable friend, was just going to England, and thence to India, and I handed him the three hundred and fifty to join to his own deposit in a house here, who would advise their London correspondents of so much—his own funds and that—placed to his credit; and then, when he reached your great city, he was to hand to you, after calling at the London bankers."

"Oh, then, all will be found perfectly correct, Mr. Gore: your friend, not hearing of me in London, must have either enclosed the sum, and left it for me, or perhaps allowed it to rest at the banker's, dropping a line to my address."

"Of course! I am sure it must be so—I hope it is: and yet, if all was indeed safe, why should not my friend have advised me, by a letter from London, that he could not find you?"

"And you have not since heard of him?"

"No, indeed. Can it be possible, that in some untoward hurry, or forgetful fit, he has sailed

for India without discharging my commission? Indeed, I hope not; for,"—Mr. Gore sighed,—"in the present position of my family, enormous claims are made upon me, and, though not a poor man, Mr. Blount, I really could scarce afford the loss."

A respectable-looking person interrupted Mr. Gore, by standing before him in the street, and bowing to him, half deferentially, half sulkily.

"Ah, M'Farlane! how d' do? how is your good wife and the fine little ones?"

Mr. M'Farlane replied in a mumble and a smile, pleased and flattered; and then proceeded in a lower tone, which sounded like serious remonstrance, as he drew from his pocket what Gerald unintentionally saw at a glance was a protested bill.

"I know, I know, my dear M'Farlane," cried Mr. Gore, interrupting him, and with—"beg your ten thousand pardons," to Gerald, drawing him aside: and then, although Gerald took little notice, there ensued a very energetic parley on Mr. Gore's part, mingled with sweet smiles; until at last M'Farlane walked away, bowing much more graciously than when he

had come up, and evidently a man of more hopes.

"Yes," — Gerald caught Mr. Gore's last words—"yes, M'Farlane, the very moment I am released from this last bustling though happy event in my family, depend on me for the two matters together."

He again took Gerald's arm, and was renewing his discourse upon their own affairs, when Mr. M'Farlane a second time gained their side.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gore; but I don't think I require any more time to decide that the situation in the Post-office would suit my boy William better than one in the Custom-house."

"Very well, M'Farlane; very well; I can manage one just as well as the other for you; make your own choice—you and William between you—all the same to me."

With a bow and a smile of unqualified content, Mr. M'Farlane finally departed.

"You will excuse me, my dear Blount," resumed Mr. Gore; "these are some of the little annoyances resulting from holding a considerable place under our good King—God

bless him! People of all kinds *will* come to me and ask clerkships and secretaryships for their sons or themselves: 'tis rather boring, though, heaven knows! I would willingly do every thing in my power for every body; and indeed I try to do a good deal for a good many: and as to M'Farlane, he's a very honest fellow, and a capital merchant-tailor: let us walk quick, if you please." Mr. Gore cast a side-long glance towards the door of a mercer's which they were approaching—"I beg your pardon, but this must be a very busy day with me;—what a dashing turn-out that is!" looking straight to the end of the street. It would not do. The proprietor of the shop stood palpably, at his door, and, as Mr. Gore shot by, requested one word with him.

"Ah, Thompson! how d' do?—To be sure; only I am in a great hurry, and can step in but for a second—see, this gentleman, my friend, will be kept waiting: my dear Blount, do forgive, once again—just an instant."

Mr. Gore entered the shop, and, from it, a little back-parlour. His stay far exceeded the time for which he had stipulated. At length

Gerald, who was not uninterested in studying Mr. Gore, saw him re-appear through the parlour-door, his countenance very animated as he said, "Full of promise, indeed; upon my life, a boy of no common natural genius, for his years; you really must allow me to prevail on you to send him to college, Thompson, and, as I said, perhaps I can make some friends for him there.—My dear Mr. Blount, step in a moment, if you please—" Gerald complied—"I wish to show you an instance of our very abundant Irish talent, forcing its way through every obstacle; this way, this way,—and mind the step."

Followed by Mr. Thompson, Gerald found himself in the little half-lighted parlour, in the presence of Mrs. Thompson, who received him with a great show of gratified pride and flattered feelings, and in that of a pale-faced boy of about thirteen, who stood at a table, holding a roll of scribbled paper in both his hands, and looking half-frightened.

"Now, my good little friend," continued Mr. Gore, "will you just allow this gentleman to look over some of the lines you have read

for me? Suppose the beginning of the blank-verse poem, on the Last Day, that is to run to twenty-four books."

"Only twelve, Sir, like Paradise Lost," said the juvenile bard falteringly.

"Oh, very well: all the better; but let us see it."

"I 'm afeard no one can read it but myself, Sir," answered the boy.

"James's thoughts come so quick to him, he doesn't wait to pen them down in a good shop-hand, though he has brought home the best Christmas-pieces wrote in the school, since he was six years old," said Mrs. Thompson.

"I 'll be bound he has, Mrs. Thompson: no matter; he can just oblige us by reading the lines himself."

And accordingly, poor James, growing paler, unfolded his inspired roll; and after many efforts to keep it from curling back into its former obscure state, by spreading it out on one knee, Gerald heard him read, in a broad, Dublin brogue, a page of the most utter nonsense ever inflicted on him, even by "uncommon geniuses" of James's own age. It was

with difficulty he kept his countenance, as he observed the mantling pleasure and triumph of Mrs. Thompson over fustian which she had so often before heard; or the more sedate delight of her husband, who, resting his back against the wall, looked modestly though smilingly on the floor. But the acting of Mr. Gore was inimitable, and still more amusing than their sincerity. He stood near the poor boy, laying his hand on his shoulder, and with noddings of the head, and glances of approbation, and smiles of patronage from the father to the mother, and then to Gerald, displayed how exceedingly he relished the balderdash.

"If you really think James would make his way better by going to College, Mr. Gore, than by attending to some business or other, I 'd certainly try and squeeze a point to send him," said the father as they regained the shop door.

"If I really think, my dear Thompson! to be sure I do. You don't know—you can't say, what such talent, properly cultivated, may end in."

"Well, Mr. Gore; I'm obliged to you, and

I 'll think of it, Sir; but sometimes the Latin and Greek books don't stand a lad's friend like the account-books."

"And do you, indeed, see any thing in the lines we have heard," asked Gerald, as he and his friend emerged into the street, "beyond what a half-educated boy, who has half-spelled his way through a half of Paradise Lost, might jumble together, in mere mechanical imitation?"

"Why, to deal candidly, my dear fellow, I suppose I praised the poor little boy's scribble rather more than it strictly merited; but we must afford a few kind words to the natural feeling of parents;"—Gerald feared there had been another motive,—"and, I protest, after all, I do think, upon my honour, that there 's something uncommon in the son of a shopkeeper writing blank-verse at thirteen: it may be nonsense, to be sure; still it is quite uncommon. But again—once again—I have to beg your pardon. One of my blundering servants forgot this morning to call at the wine-shop opposite—may I trespass upon you, while I correct his error?"

They crossed the street, and Mr. Gore

quickly entered the shop, or office, leaving Gerald some paces behind. His friend, continuing his walk by the door, heard a man within say, "Very sorry, indeed, Sir; but, as Mr. Burke is from home, we cannot attempt to break his last orders on the subject; which were, that, until the former account——"

"Oh, very well, very well," interrupted Mr. Gore, catching a glance of Gerald passing by—"you may depend on me: any thing in my power, for your master or you—good morning, Mr. Garon!" and thus trying to change into business of patronage, and of doing the wine-merchant a favour, what Gerald, in much astonishment, suspected to have been an effort to cater for his decanters for that day's dinner, Mr. Gore hurried my hero along the street.

"Stay," said he, after they had walked rapidly some distance, as he stopped, evidently in a puzzle—"What are we about to do?—oh; ay;—you, my dear Blount, are coming with me to Stephen's-green, to allow me the pleasure and honour of presenting you to my family—(and only *that*, you most unkind

friend)—before you get under weigh for England, this evening."

Gerald wondered at this rather unceremonious tying him to his own first arrangement; in contrast, at least, with Mr. Gore's former redundant politeness, it was enigmatical; and Gerald half resolved *not* to get under weigh that evening, merely to take himself out of the dictation of Mr. Gore—"And, indeed," continued that gentleman, "now that I think of it, the packet sails at three o'clock, to-day. But come, my excellent young friend; I hope we shall catch my idlers at home; they were to be out early, in the carriage, shopping; perhaps we had better wait till we think they have got domesticated again; meantime, if you have no objection to accompany me a little way farther, I will feel so obliged to you! for I suppose you can have no schemes for filling up the afternoon on your own account?"

Simply declaring his willingness to attend Mr. Gore, Gerald took a step onward.

"A thousand thanks!—Stay, again—I have really so many things to think of;" he once more became stationary, looking down, and absorbed in thought—"Yes!—that first—just turn in here, my dear fellow."

They went into a shop where stamps were sold. Mr. Gore purchased one, and withdrawing to the far end of the counter, asked for pen and ink, filled it up, folded it, and put it into his pocket.

"I forgot, my dear Blount, that I was to meet a person with a modicum of rent from my country property to-day, and came out unprovided with a stamp receipt; here, however, I have secured one; and, in your kind company, I will now seek a meeting with the rather interesting individual I have mentioned."

"I fear the lad has made some mistake, Sir," said the owner of the shop, who had come behind the counter after Mr. Gore procured his receipt; "I believe you asked a stamp for a bill at nine months for a hundred pounds?"

"No, no; a stamp for a receipt, you mean: all is quite right," answered Mr. Gore, as, in some confusion, he retreated, with Gerald, from the presence of the inquisitorial shopkeeper, who now more strongly looked his fears that some mistake had been committed.

"Very stupid these tradespeople sometimes are," said Mr. Gore, still hurrying on:—"I will give you a few late instances;" and thereupon he went through recitals, which, notwithstanding

his fluent, plausible, and graceful style, Gerald half-feared entitled Mr. Gore only to be called an excellent Irish *improvisatore*—in more homely English, they all seemed like cock-and-bull stories, or rigmarole.

By the time he had ended his last illustration of the obtuseness of shopkeepers, in calling things out of their proper names, and in confounding one thing with another, Mr. Gore had wound his way into a very humble street, and there stopped before a very humble-looking house. His knock was answered by a pale young woman, on whom the visitor immediately smiled in a charming way, and began—

"Ah, my most interesting young friend! Is your worthy father at home? Having had to walk this way, Mrs. Gore wished me to assure you that there is little doubt of placing you in a family of very high respectability and connexions, where your talents and accomplishments will be fitly estimated." The modest and pensive girl curtsied low, and blushed in obvious pleasure. "Is he at home?" pursued Mr. Gore; "ah, yes, here he comes." A mean-looking little old man, whose features and manner betokened, however, more of the lowliness of the miser

than of the pauper, stealthily issued through a door in the narrow hall. "Peter, my friend, how d' do?—you have heard, I presume, the communication I had the pleasure to make to my sweet little friend, Ann, here; but I just wish to speak another word with you; and, perhaps, your agreeable Ann will oblige this gentleman by a specimen of her great skill and taste on the harp, while you and I chat a second together?"

Gerald forthwith followed the young woman into a room, where he heard her perform very pleasingly some harp-music. In about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Gore joined him, his countenance now lighted up with unaffected vivacity, and his right hand earnestly thrust into the pocket of his trowsers, as if it held tight therein something that it was pleasant to grasp. After calling on Gerald to admit the many merits of Mrs. Gore's young protegée, and repeating his own eulogies to herself, he took his friend's arm, and with a buoyant step approached the hall-door, whispering, "I've detained you shamefully long, but it *is* so difficult to extract my country-rents from the clutches of this strange town-agent of two of my more considerable tenants."

The little old man here sneaked a second time into the passage, and addressed Mr. Gore.

" 'Tis a long date, Sir"—Mr. Gore coughed, hemmed, and hastened to unlatch the door; the latch was restive, and though he pulled with all his might, he could not effect an escape until the usurer had continued—" a long date, Sir, notwithstanding the little premium; nine long months."

" Curse this latch! open the door, Peter!" interrupted Mr. Gore, in such a change from his milk-and-honey manner and tone, that by dint of contrast, it might be called ferocious: the old fellow slowly advanced to obey, but still went on—" And I trust all to your honour, Mr. Gore, not to let *this one* come back—And, as to poor Ann—"

" Good morning, Peter, good morning,"—he at last got Gerald into the street—" and, yes, yes, tell Ann not to fear but Mrs. Gore and I will do every thing in our power—every earthly thing—Good morning."

The last words had somewhat restored him to his common blandness of accent, look, and manner; and he extricated Gerald from the mean maze of streets into which he had beguiled

him, eloquently sounding Ann's claims to encouragement, and Mrs. Gore's settled determination to do something for so deserving a young person.

He was yet talking, Gerald exceedingly entertained, when his auditor, pointing to an open carriage which stood at a fur-shop in a respectable quarter of the town, requested Mr. Gore to inform him, if he could, who was the very beautiful and interesting young creature, one of three ladies who sat in it?

"Where, my dear Blount? what carriage? which way?" said Mr. Gore, anxiously looking in a contrary direction, and still bustling Gerald along with him. His young friend peremptorily stopped, however, and plainly pointed out the object of his curiosity.

"Why there are three or four carriages near that door," answered his inefficient cicerone, with, perhaps, in his face, more affected than real perplexity, and yet with much of the latter too.

"I mean the yellow open carriage, containing three ladies, one elderly, but a fine woman, the other younger, and a blaze of charms, and the third, my goddess, Mr. Gore, still younger and

more charming, if not more beautiful — you cannot mistake—a shopman stands at the step, and seems to receive the commands of his visitors with a very dubious countenance."

"I protest, my dear young friend," began Mr. Gore, "I hardly can say, at this distance: my eyes, though they look good eyes, are half-blind. But, bless me!"—the younger beauty, suddenly turning her head, kissed hand to Mr. Gore—"what have I been raving about! why, it *is* my own carriage! they are my own wife and daughters! Come, my dear Blount," at once changing into the utmost cordiality and earnestness,—"come! here we have them, by Jupiter! —come, allow me this great pleasure! Well! not to know my own wife! ha, ha! It has, indeed, been surmised as difficult to know one's own children sometimes, Blount, eh? but not to know one's wife! ha, ha, ha!"

The three ladies now turned their regards on Mr. Gore and his companion; and Gerald was presented in the most kindly way to Mrs. Gore, Miss Gore, and Miss Maria Gore. At the first sound of his name, the latter-mentioned lady started, and looked at Gerald with a singular expression of interest. He would not permit

himself to be quite so vain as to set down Miss Maria Gore's stare to the account of his personal merits, considerable as they were; and yet otherwise he knew not how to explain such flattering attention. A sudden thought occurred. He glanced, in return, attentively at her. She smiled, whether at his answering earnestness, or from some other cause, and turned to say a word to her mamma, who had now relinquished the fur-merchant to the oratory of her accomplished husband. After his scrutiny, and particularly at the smile, Gerald stood fixed. It was somewhat like the smile of the prophetess of Père la Chaise. The beautiful eyes, too, which had so curiously regarded him a moment before, were blue; and the damask-rose cheek he now gazed upon, and the sunny locks, and the classic line of the nose, all reminded him of that perplexing individual. But did they make him sure? He longed to see Miss Maria Gore, walking or standing, that he might receive the whole impression of her face and figure.

"I will *not* get under weigh this evening," resolved Gerald.

But while he so resolved, and while previously

he had been so occupied with his observations and thoughts, he had remained at the carriage-side without speaking, after the first common-place questions and answers that passed between him and Mrs. Gore and her beautiful daughters. This was not as it should be. For although Mrs. Gore and Miss Gore, having sweetly craved pardon, engaged themselves with, perhaps, surmises of the probable result of Mr. Gore's oratory upon the shopkeeper, and although the object of his study and conjectures had also turned to whisper one word to them, as has been noticed, still, for many minutes after, she remained perfectly disengaged, and at liberty to attend to any thing he might choose to say. But he said nothing at all. In fact, he was embarrassed, if not a little awkward. It has before been hinted that Gerald was much more forward in mental acquirements and maturity, than at the side of a beautiful woman. And, at last, the young lady, herself, seemed to think it would be well to relieve him.

"Have you been long in Dublin, Mr. Blount?" she asked, again fixing her eyes on him, and again smiling, Gerald thought, expressively. Her manner of uttering the words also seemed

to have a meaning in it; and he slightly started at the sound of her voice, which, allowing for some difference, probably occasioned by her not speaking in French, as the lady of Père la Chaise had done, he was disposed to be very sure he had heard before.

He answered, guardedly, that he had been but a very short time indeed in Dublin.

"And you came direct from France, I believe?" she resumed, still in a provoking manner.

"Yes; but not so direct from Paris: and I regretted being obliged to leave that interesting city; indeed, its neighbourhoods are as interesting as itself;—Père la Chaise, for instance," he continued, now hazarding a shade of expression on his own part—"don't you think so?"

"Certainly, from all I have heard," replied Miss Maria Gore, very quietly, while her features lost their former remarkable point, and her answer sounded the most natural thing in the world.

Gerald was about to make a more positive experiment, by asking—"Have you never been there?" when Mr. Gore, radiant with triumph over the shopkeeper, who now had ordered out all his assistants, laden with furs, for the inspec-

tion of Mrs. Gore, regained his side, again shook his hand, and interrupted his half-formed words.

"Not to know one's own wife, my dear Blount! —ha, ha!—and you praising one of my own daughters to my face, and pointing her out, and I not recognizing *her* either! I assure you, Maria, my love, it was exactly so when you made us out and kissed hand!—My dear fellow!" aside to Gerald, "how flattering! how delightful to a fond father's feelings, was your unconscious eulogy just now!—such opinions from a man of your cast of mind and highly-cultivated eye—exceedingly gratifying! Pardon the father again, my dear Mr. Blount,"—Mr. Gore's eyes moistened—"if I say I have reason to believe my youngest girl, and my favourite, is as good, as you do her the honour of thinking her personally interesting—the heart, the heart, my young friend—the heart is her best vaunt. But, tut! what bad taste all this is; Maria, my sweetest, make room for Mr. Blount, he is tired with walking—indeed, *I* have unmercifully tired him; and, after taking him about a little, you must drop him at Morrysson's; but not bid him good-bye there, for he will, he *will* accept my repeated

requests to join us at dinner," continued Mr. Gore, pressing Gerald's arm as he assisted him up the carriage-step, the footman having dismounted to open the door.

"Oh, he will, he must!" urged Mrs. Gore, her purchases now made. The lady spoke in a universal bloom of smiles over her whole handsome face, which went near to eclipse even the fascinations of her sweet lord, all the time keeping her lips wide apart—(the teeth were certainly beautiful)—and catching her breath between every word, in a pretty, affected fashion, sometimes observed in England, but then almost universal among the female *beau monde* (such as it was) of the English-Irish in Ireland.

Miss Gore, who, as Gerald recollected from his sister's letter, had, until the late marriage of the eldest beauty "to the rich brewer," been Miss Selina Gore, employed herself, during her mamma's little speech, in eye-glassing Gerald, her head inclined to one side, till the clustering black curls hid one of her blacker and much brighter orbs,—her splendid features unrelaxed, and something like a habitual curl on her Juno lip, and a little contraction on her brow.

"Do, Mr. Blount," tingled the voice of her

more charming though perhaps not so striking sister at Gerald's ear, "do come to us; indeed all the chivalrous persons of even our slightest acquaintance ought to come to us this evening, considering what we have to expect from the turf-boats."

"And that is true, Maria," rejoined Mrs. Gore, "and an unanswerable argument to Mr. Blount."

"True, indeed," observed Miss Gore, not in an exquisitely musical tone — "although Maria seems to think so little of our danger from these savages, Mamma, while every other human being around her thinks a good deal of it,—and although she alludes to it in such an incredulous and would-be-wise way."

Miss Maria certainly had conveyed to Gerald's mind the notion of a slight sneer at the expense of the fleet of turf-boats. She had also conveyed something else. Still her accents, in English, or rather in the best Irish-English, were like some he had heard in French, and her peculiar self-possession, and her tendency to quiet satire, especially exemplified in her last words, almost confirmed him in believing her to be the bearer of Michael Farrell's letter to his hand.

"Come, our excellent young friend consents to give us the happiness of his company," re-urged Mr. Gore.

Gerald had consented long ago; almost before he and Mr. Gore came up with the carriage, and that, thereby, he had acquired a new and cogent reason for consenting. His compliance now was therefore no great victory for the united smiling-forces of Mr. Gore and his lady to attain. They mutually expressed, however, as much joy and exultation as if it was; and his host-elect, once more shaking his hand, and bidding fond adieus to his "sweet loves," turned from the carriage-side "to dispatch a host of business yet to be gone through on that busy day."

As Gerald and his new and charming friends rolled off through a bustling and lively street, his arm became an object of Mrs. Gore's tenderest compassion. He was called on to account for its being in "that sad sling." Taking advantage of the opportunity to acquire some ideas upon a matter that much more deeply interested him, he mentioned its having been fractured by a fall from a stage-coach: "And," he continued, catching Miss Maria's eye, "the poor fellow who

drove the stage came worse off; I felt greatly for him; he was the only support of a large family; and his trade as a coachman his sole means of supporting them; although, at his outset, he and they had been comfortably in possession of a farm, of which they were deprived by an intriguing land-steward, or perhaps, I should say, by the neglect of an absentee landlord." Miss Maria listened and looked attentive. "I believe I learned and can remember the unfortunate coachman's name, so much did he interest me." Gerald went on, retaining her glance—"It is, I think, a pure Irish one—Michael Farrell." Miss Maria showed not the slightest consciousness of having heard it before.

But the allusions to the circumstance of his fall from the coach caused Gerald to reflect that, having now arranged to stay "perhaps some little time" in Ireland, he was bound to advise his sister Augusta of his present safety, although he would not more amply reply to her epistle, but rather ask her permission to waive that duty till he should see Lord Clangore in London; and to Lord Clangore himself a line was also necessary, lest his Lordship might have heard of

the wreck of the vessel in which he left France, and be uneasy on his account.

It seemed farther advisable that Gerald should dispatch both his letters that very day; and as he could not do so unless he repaired immediately to his hotel, instead of spending the brief remainder of the afternoon riding about the streets, he proposed, with many regrets, to take leave of his fair company for the present; and, amid the more numerous regrets of Mrs. Gore, was set down at Morrysson's, while Miss Gore peered about her, at every body, through her eye-glass, and returned his parting bow, and, no more; and Miss Maria remained also silent, affording him, however, a smile, and an expressive one still.

As Gerald entered the hotel, he heartily wished he had not felt himself compelled to give up, so soon, his place at this young lady's side; but he consoled himself with the reflection that, in the course of the evening, he would enjoy sufficient opportunity for determining if he really had ever seen her before.

CHAPTER IX.

"AND why can I not decide at once?" ruminated Gerald, on his way to Stephen's-green: "'Tis very singular that I cannot. The question is a simple one enough; namely, is she a person I have previously seen, and conversed with for about half an hour? My first notions say she is; her manner and peculiarities, so far as I have since remarked them, support the case; and yet something keeps me wavering. What something? Define it. I don't know how. Perhaps, as I before thought, it lies in her not speaking French, at this, our renewed acquaintance. I'll ascertain if she *can* speak French, and then I'll get her to speak it, and that ends my doubts one way or the other. I'll ask her, bluntly, about the main fact! I will; 'tis the shortest course. She cannot possibly equivocate;—why should she?

But has she not done so already? Père la Chaise was a charming place, "from all she had heard;" and when I pronounced Michael Farrell's name, it did not move her. This, however, is nothing. It was not downright disavowal; and while there is certainty that a lady will not utter the language of untruth, there is equal certainty that women of every class know how to mistify *the* truth.

"I *will* propose the matter to Miss Maria Gore plainly, and at once. I'll secure her arm to the eating-room, if I can. I'll secure a chair by her side at dinner. She will not evade me then, for she cannot run away, nor pretend to play with my question: she must answer it.

"Still, how very strange that I should require to go to all this trouble on such a point; one of mere identity. Why, we know a building again at a glance, though we have but seen it once before, or a mountain, or a street; nay, I have been sure of a dog upon a Monday, that I but casually patted on the head upon the previous Monday; and yet, here is an individual of Nature's cunningest handiwork, and I am not sure of her. She is not *one* in my mind; my brain puzzles itself about *two* individualities,

when I would get her before me. 'Tis like the Athanasian creed.

"And pray, Gerald, my good friend, why do you fret yourself so much about the double lady? What is it to you if she is herself and another, or another still, supposing it must be so? Is it the metaphysical difficulty of the question that exclusively engages you—that has broken up your wise resolve to get under weigh this evening?"

"A fig for your reverie," said a well-known voice close at Gerald's ear, as he slowly ascended the steps of Mr. Gore's hall-door, and, to his great surprise, he saw Mr. Gunning about to lay his hand on the knocker.

"You in Dublin, Mr. Gunning!"

"Yes, and you too."

"And coming to enact a dinner at Mr. Gore's table, Sir?"

"I can't help it. There was no escaping him. The first man I met, after landing in his country, about an hour ago, was almost he; and he so plunged on me, and so harangued about his dinnering "precisely at six," and so shook me, and smiled at me, that, to get rid of him, I said yes; just as the woman said yes to her

teazing adorer. I wonder what it will all be like. Let us begin to see."

Mr. Gunning applied himself to the knocker, and he and Gerald soon entered Mr. Gore's drawing-room.

After undergoing, just at the door, the luscious greetings of their happy, their very happy and delighted host, which Gunning bore badly, as, offering two fingers, he just grumbled a word, and looked critically around him, both gentlemen were led to Mrs. Gore, who, splendidly arrayed, and enthroned amid a pile of cushions, in the middle of a sofa, rose, and advanced her step, and did her bend, sparkling all over with smiles, like the sky with its countless stars (indeed her very instep and the toe of her slipper might be said to smile, as another lady's body has been said to think), and catching her breath so prettily, between every honied word, and altogether playing her part with the perfect ease and grace of a lady—(acting).

Gunning soon hobbled away from her, on his stick ; but Gerald had not, like him, the heart to cut Mrs. Gore short in the midst of her very kind and sweet speeches. He therefore stood still until his queen-like hostess requested his

attendance to the other end of the room, where Mrs. Blake, late Miss Gore, occupied a second sofa, wearing, newfangled with matronly costume, a rich turban, beneath which was one of the most beautiful faces that sculptor ever modelled, but much less expressive and alive, eyes and all, than many productions of the *studio*. Beside her sat Lady Offally, almost as inane, yet talking in a low and slow way to the new-married beauty, who, her regards vacantly fixed on the confronting sofa her mamma had just quitted, seemed not to mind a word.

After a stately, and, Gerald thought, reprehensive recognition, upon a certain account, from Lady Offally, he was presented to Mrs. Blake; and while her intense stare just transferred itself from nothing to him, and her warm rich lips mumbled some very cold words, and her neck just curved down, and not the faintest reflection of her mother's smiles lighted her faultless features, he fancied, that if the shade of any positive expression toned with the dead loveliness he gazed upon, it was, as Augusta's letter hinted, icy hauteur.

A very young officer of Flood's regiment leaned gracefully upon a corner of her sofa,

silently admiring, with the mixed affectation of a boy and of a boy-soldier, Mrs. Blake's passive charms. And, indeed, his mute worship could hardly be found fault with; for there those charms were, obviously for no other purpose than to be so contemplated. "As to talking with her," concluded Gerald, when he gladly turned off, after the few cold words, and the colder pause, "one would as soon think of entering into conversation with the marble Venus."

"The great Sir ———'s son," whispered Mrs. Gore, when they had passed the young officer.

Gerald was much interested. Meeting the son of a celebrated author is almost like meeting himself; and Gerald resolved to obtain some opportunity of making up to the young gentleman who, along with the splendour of his uniform, thus shone in the reflected light of his illustrious father's fame.

Upon yet another sofa, at one side of the apartment, half reclined Miss Selina Gore, not a dead-preserve beauty, like her elder sister, and yet looking alive only to a sense of her own transcendency. Her eye gleamed brilliantly in proud

consciousness, and her out-turned lips seemed (though, after all, they said nothing) as if they were just about to utter some fierce sentence to old Sir John Lumley, who sat on a chair at the end of *her* sofa, and bent his head—(a good study for a specimen of gone-by Irish aristocracy, made up of powder, ruddy though sunken cheeks, weak blue eyes, thin, dry lips, and a prominent chin,)—and smiled earnestly, yet humbly and cravingly, and talked his best, at the unflattered ear of the object of his resuscitated admiration.

After his bow, Gerald, feeling that he had no business, as well as no inclination, to trespass on these ill-assorted lovers, passed on and joined a group of gentlemen with whom Mr. Gore stood conversing, and amongst whom were Lord Offally, old Lord Harmer, and Mr. Priestly. But after listening a moment to their discourse, and finding it a digression from the expected massacre of the approaching night, to the conversion of all Ireland out of the gloom of popery, he still moved farther on. Another group of younger gentlemen occupied a window, and to them Gerald was led by Mrs. Gore, who a second time abandoned her regal

state, in order to introduce him to her son, Mr. Frederick Augustus Gore, the nucleus of the circle.

The young gentleman came forward with much of his father's blandness, modified by the portion of aristocratic precision he had learned at Oxford, and with all his mother's pretty trick of catching his breath between every word. Gerald joined him and his friends, encouraged by seeing Mr. Gunning near them.

Here the conversation was kept up, almost exclusively, between Mr. Gore junior and the son of a Four-Court judge, who had also been at Oxford; and it consisted of the fashionable slang about Tom Crib, and Dan Donelly, and "fibbing," and "coming up to the scratch," and watermen's gibberish, and "good whips," and "gentlemanly" coachees, and so forth, all of which was an emulation by the young Irish students, of the knowledge and accomplishments of their English *distingués*.

The Judge's son was obviously less at home in these matters than Mr. Frederic Augustus. He had not been so long at Oxford; had not so often sat on the boxes of the different stages that run up and down between that learned

University and Bangor-Ferry; nor so often taken lessons, at high bribes, from the celebrated coachees of each. Hence he deferred to the superior acquirements of his young friend, and appeared more vain-glorious in exhibiting the full extent of his own knowledge, such as it was. Of the silent, admiring, and envious audience who surrounded both, a square shouldered, full-breasted, lusty young militia lieutenant, seemed the most sincerely respectful. He had never before heard a discourse so much above his humble technicals of the road and of fox-hunting, acquired previous to his getting his commission, through the interest of Lord ——. Besides, he had never been out of Ireland; and the names of the various places at which the stages changed horses, and the notions of the important characters of the English coachees, vaguely impressed on his mind by the allusions of the gifted speakers, filled him with a kind of awe, and a due consciousness of his own deficiencies. A second listener appeared to bear the superior pretensions of Mr. Gore, junior, and the Judge's son, with less deference. This was Lord Friar, a person of middle age, sallow-cheeked, sunken-eyed, black-bearded, horn-

mouthed, spindle-legged, and, notwithstanding his title, stamped in face and person, in look, expression, motion, as one whom nature had intended to be not only ugly but vulgar. Upon mere Irish roads he was a very distinguished whip. In imitation of his brother nobles in England, he often paid a high price to the coachmen to be allowed to drive them and their passengers fifty or sixty miles a-day; and more than once he had been offered his shilling by a homely "outside," for very proper conduct. With all the crabbed language of Irish whips, therefore, he might be deemed acquainted; but the newly-imported slang was a flight beyond him; and after one or two unsuccessful attempts to chime in, he stood listening to his young superiors in evident chagrin and jealousy. Something similar appeared to be the feelings of a young Dublin College graduate. He also had vainly tried to pass off the few ideas acquired from native men of whipcord, during his periodical journeys from town to his friends in the country, and back again: and the high aristocratic allusions of the Oxonians to every thing belonging to their English University; to the studs, for instance, and to the "turns-out" of

their academic acquaintances, farther oppressed him with a sense of Irish discrepancy, which his attempts to speak fashionably thick, as he affectedly winked his eyes, and smacked his lips, and sometimes turned off a pace or two, throwing out his limbs stiff from the knee, stamping on his heels, and then scraping the carpet with his toe, could not quite disguise.

The learned phrases which most deservedly raised the characters of the young English-Irish whips were such as—"Down that hill I gave it to them like fun;" or, "off with the drag, and then we go it, bang;" or, "their sixteen trotters going like little pigs;" or, in allusion to a leader getting restive, "he tried it, but 't wouldn't fit.' But a portion of the dialogue which much edified Gerald, is worth transcribing at length.

"Ah, Sir, a man may drive all his life, but that will make him no whip. 'Tis not driving alone, Sir; nothing like it; 'tis good bringing up."

"I 'm quite sure of that. Do you know Taylor of the Oxonian? a deuced good whip is Taylor; but a little too hard; don't *laike* that;" (the Judge's son had been learning, amongst his

other studies, pure English pronunciation upon the tops of coaches); "have seen him *whop* his horses, and they standing still; though hitting hard is a good thing, too; can hit hard myself,—strong arm: can hit my near wheeler hard; as hard as any one."

"Can you? but can you hit your off leader hard?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"And the near leader?"

"Don't know that."

"If you can hit him at all, Sir, 'tis doing very well; a nice thing to do. If you hear a youngster talk of hitting, just say to him, 'Sir, be good enough to hit that near leader for me.' That 'll try him."

"Ah, I know it *is* a pretty stroke. Very pretty. Will practise it next time I run up from Bangor to Oxford, if I can get Taylor to give me the rein, a thing he 'll not always stand. How do *you* do it? This way? over your near wheeler's head—so?"

"No, over both my wheelers, so; then sending it forward, so—that fits. Yes, I know Taylor won't always pass one the rein. *Mr.*

Taylor I should say; we call *him* Mr. and the others by their names, he's such a gentlemanly person."

"Yes, quite above his situation. Talk him, when he *is* talky, and he'll speak to you of the whip like any gentleman; a very nice fellow. But I wish he would oftener oblige one. He refused my friend Lord Lash three times in the same day. How do you like Popkins, of the Tallyho?"

"A very respectable whip, indeed; but makes bad hands. There's Sir Richard Jervis he brought up; now, *he* will never be clever the longest day he lives."

"How old is he?"

"Let me see; about your own age."

"Then don't you think, if he changed tutors, a better education might do something for him, yet?"

"Possibly; but I doubt it much."

"Come here," said Gunning to Gerald, as he motioned him to a corner, after he had caught his eye. Both turned away from the group, to the orators of which Gunning as well as his young friend had been attentively listening.

"Sit down here, and let me give you an

idea, and ask one in return," continued the cynic: "What do you think of all this?"

"A great deal, and yet very little," answered Gerald, smiling at the mannerism of Gunning.

"Why, I'll tell you," resumed his Mentor: "First, I listened to the women, that is, to such of them as can or will speak, and they talked of nothing but having their throats cut this evening; then I hovered round the knot of seniors yonder, and heard only vile declamation about making God's children of the people of this country, and about their vices, and ignorance, and savageness, just as a lot of our Indian planters might discuss the merits of their slaves; and as to the last specimen of eloquence you and I have witnessed, why, its original, in England, is bad enough, but this meagre Irish, or English-Irish copy of that original, is the devil, out and out, I take it."

"I am of your opinion," said Gerald.

"What are we to do?"

"How do you mean?"

"To be sure, you are, yourself, rather English-Irish, and yet, from your unadulterated education and training amongst us, at the other side of the Channel, how the deuce will you

be able to stand this English-Irish evening? Have you ever been among such a set? As for me, I should be off, but that I am just enough curious to see what kind of a thing the eating-room is to be. What brought us here? What kind of people are these? Do they live in Ireland, as a part of its population, or what?"

"Oh, Mr. Blount, you poor fellow!" broke in Miss Flint, running up to them.

"I'm done," said Gunning, slowly rising, and cruizing into a back drawing-room.

"Think of this!" resumed Miss Flint; "you in Dublin with us, after all! my gracious goodness!—and on such a day as this is! a day that is to have such a night! But you are a capital reinforcement to all our other protectors. Have you provided yourself with arms? No!—that's bad. I must see and borrow some for you; any of the gentlemen here can oblige me; for they all carry little pistols, and little daggers, though they won't frighten us by showing them: I'm sure they do; I know they do;—but, dear me! how did you hurt your arm? 'Tis a trifling hurt? think of that! I'm so glad!—*apropos*—you have not paid your

advance-subscription to our Hibernian Improvement Society; but you can now, you know; here 's a receipt, ready filled and signed, only to put in your name: I knew I should meet some arrears in this house to-day—(a word in your ear—tis a capital house for arrears—he, he!)— and so I brought out a lot in my reticule—think of that!—Stop a moment—My dear Mrs. Gore, any kind of a pen, and a drop of ink, in the persuasive name of charity, there's a dear, good creature! You don't see it near? Well, no matter; I can go and hunt it out; 'tis my duty, you know:—Mrs. Blake, love, have you an inkstand near you?" Mrs. Blake opened her eyes wider. "No?—Selina, my dearest—"

"No, no, Miss Flint, I know nothing about it; try Maria:" and Miss Gore haughtily averted her head.

"Thank you, how good you are! where is she?—not present, I protest; think of that! Oh, I remember; drawing caricatures, she and Captain Flood, in here, with the very thing I want—dear me! Come, Mr. Blount, follow close, and you shall soon have your receipt."

Miss Flint led into the back-drawing-room,

whither Gunning had just retreated; and Gerald, who had hitherto felt disappointed at not seeing Miss Maria Gore, now gladly obeyed the official command to "follow close."

The first person that here attracted his notice was Gunning, sitting in the midst of a numerous circle of ladies, old, young, and middle-aged, and hearkening to their strongly expressed terrors, as Gerald learned by a few words, of the expected massacre of the coming night. The old humourist also seemed, from the expression of his angular features, to be maliciously engaged in heightening the fears of his new friends.

At a table in the corner of the apartment, shaded, and almost concealed by the half-open door, was Flood, scratching grotesque outlines of human faces, with, indeed, the pen Miss Flint wanted; and standing over him—and now exhibiting to Gerald the very height and proportions of the figure he had seen in Père la Chaise—appeared Miss Maria Gore, laughing heartily at his graphic wit.

Gerald felt more interested than ever, but he also felt uncomfortable. Here was his good

friend Flood on the best terms in the world with, he had now little doubt, the individual lady towards whom the gallant dandy once expressed so much (for him) admiration in another country. Gerald half-hated his old schoolfellow.

When, at Miss Flint's urgent request, Flood relinquished his pen, the friends exchanged a glance of mutual consciousness. But the martial fop, with one of his usual silly salutations, soon recovered his ordinary manner; while Gerald, not so adroit in self-management, allowed his brow to continue blank.

Miss Maria Gore received her new acquaintance gracefully and charmingly, and still with, he believed, a meaning. Flood slid out of the room. Miss Flint handed him his receipt, and put up, in great glee, his liberal subscription. The object of his now lively solicitude sat down to admire Flood's caricatures once more. The zealous secretary beckoned him aside.

"So, wonders will never cease, Mr. Blount."

"I suppose not; but why, in particular?"

"Because it *is* to be a match, after all, between your sister, Lady Augusta, and *him*—think of that!"

"Him?—who?"

"My goodness gracious! you, of all men alive in the world, to ask!"

"And yet I am under the necessity of asking again."

"Though I hear you are not expected to approve: and now, that, to me, is really the very strangest thing under the sun: because, letting alone other reasons, he is not so bad a match; the property he got from his old aunt, that died the other day, only for just changing his name—"

"I assure you, Miss Flint, you speak rebuses and charades to me," interrupted Gerald impatiently; "and I must once more implore you to inform me, *who* is *he?*"

"Now, for shame, Mr. Blount! This is quite too bad! We all thought you had more heart! And though we don't much like that set, we believed you would act generously! And now to pretend not even to understand the *he* I speak of!—think of that! Why, you *do* know, as well as I, and all the world besides, that he is *the* he—*your* he—Knightly's eldest son!"

"Pho," said Gerald, turning off.

"Pho!—think of that!" cried Miss Flint,

looking very much surprised at Gerald, ere she pattered out to torment Mrs. Gore.

"Mr. Blount, I pray a word with you," said Miss Maria Gore, raising her head from the caricatures. He bowed, and sat down at the table with her.

"We are not very, very old friends," continued the young lady, "and yet it falls to my lot, this day, to ask you a question, which may seem an intrusion on your private sentiments, only I am commanded by fit and competent authority to ask it."

"Something about my taking no notice of Michael Farrell's remonstrance," thought Gerald, "and so I make out my case of identity without a shadow of doubt—though," gazing on her downcast face, "I never saw her look so unlike before."

To Miss Maria he expressed his great readiness to attend to any question she would do him the honour to propose.

"Thank you—in the name of another, however. And tell me, plainly, if you comfortably can, now;—Why did you hurtfully decline, the other day, the well-meant visit of—Mr. Knightly and his eldest son?"

Gerald started, ere he demanded in turn—"And, for Heaven's sake! Miss Maria Gore, how was I bound to accept their visit?"

"Sir!" said the lady, glancing up in surprise, and perhaps some displeasure—"you really require to know?"

"I most certainly do, Madam."

"Then, pardon me, Mr. Blount, if, on such an occasion, I excuse myself from becoming your instructress:" and Miss Maria Gore, with a very sweet but appalling inclination of her beautiful person, also left the room.

"Curse 'Knightly and his eldest son!'" muttered Gerald; "curse them very particularly, I say; no matter upon what account I am thus annoyed by them."

"Where are you, my dear Blount?" asked Mr. Gore, entering the back-drawing-room: "Come, be ready to offer Maria your arm; dinner will soon be announced—and, indeed, it is time;—they have kept us shamefully long"—(and so Gerald thought, to say nothing of his friend Gunning)—"but beforehand, I just have time to request your permission to whisper one word—I hope you have been gratified by meeting *since*—"—Mr. Gore laid a peculiar

emphasis upon the word, and spoke it with a peculiar smile—"by meeting, *since*—Knightly's eldest son?"

"The devil!" said Gerald to himself. "Since when, Mr. Gore? what do you mean?"

"Ah, I beg your pardon, my excellent young friend," affectionately tapping his shoulder; "I see it agitates you; and no wonder; any person of your heart must feel exactly so; excuse me, I was wrong, 'tis a very delicate matter; but forget it; for this day, do not let it deprive us of the happiness of your unclouded countenance. And come, now, I hear dinner announced; where is Maria?—Maria, my love!" Mr. Gore walked quickly out to seek her.

"This will make some amends for my vexations, and my most vexatious wonderings about these screech-owl Knightlies," ruminated Gerald, following him.

"Stop," cried Gunning, dragging him back, and clutching his arm; "you and I for it together; you shall lead me down, and nobody else; by your side alone can I face this Irish dinner-table: stand quiet, and let the mob pass."

"I am really sorry," Gerald began, when Mr. Gore returned with Lady Offally to say, in

a great hurry, that he could not make out Maria, but left her to Gerald's talent for discovery ; and smiling graciously, he led the way, followed by Lord Offally and Mrs. Gore.

"You hear, Sir," continued Gerald to Gunning.

"No matter for that, you are my own," answered his pertinacious admirer.

"I shall get rid of you, though, if I can execute Mr. Gore's commission," thought Gerald.

They gained the outskirts of the numerous party in the other room, the greater portion of whom stood still, while the rest were getting through the door. Gerald anxiously gazed around. Miss Maria Gore was not near him. But looking over the little throng before him, he saw her, holding Flood's arm, close by the wall, and just within the door-way, as if she and her companion were awaiting a favourable moment to pass out. His gorge rose still higher against the gallant dandy. While he looked, the young lady's eye met his, and without any expression of its former interest and meaning, or even kindness, was quickly averted. The next instant, Flood led her down.

"Take care of me, man," exhorted Gunning, in a cross snarling tone, as Gerald soon after hurried him to the dining-room; "do you suppose me a *voltigeur*, that I can with impunity make a somerset from the top to the bottom of these vile Irish stairs?"

"I beg your pardon," answered Gerald; "hold by the bannister;—break your neck if you like," he added, between his teeth; and in such a pleasant humour he finally seated himself beside Gunning at dinner.

CHAPTER X.

GERALD would not own to himself that his continued spleen arose chiefly from being deprived of the honour of occupying a chair at Miss Maria Gore's right-hand. He rather accounted for his silent and grave face, amid the clatter of (except his companion, Gunning) every one around him, while all arranged themselves at table, by dwelling upon the repeated offences offered to his private sentiments, as to the pretensions of "Knightly's eldest son" to an alliance with his family. It was very officious, and strange, and Irish, in Gerald's mind. Miss Flint he scarcely condescended to be angry with; flippancy and impertinence were in the way of her vocation. But Mr. Gore could not so readily be passed by. Upon what grounds was a gentleman, so very slightly acquainted with Gerald, at liberty to question

him concerning a matter of such peculiar delicacy? Granted, these Knightlies, particularly the old lady, had rendered important services to Augusta and her brothers, by nursing her through very doubtful symptoms of a very dangerous complaint; but could their sense of obligation conferred, stop at nothing short of the appropriation of the high-born individual they had thus merely nursed, and of her considerable fortune, into the bargain? And must Lord Clangore and the Honourable Gerald Blount, be compelled to evince their gratitude of obligation received, by assenting to a remuneration so unsuitable and extortionate, and by no other means? Who were the best judges of the question? They themselves, or Miss Flint, and such as she, with her comments upon Gerald's want of heart; and Mr. Gore, and such as he, with his most unwarrantable freedoms? As to Miss Maria Gore, and her pretty indignation at, no doubt, his lack of generosity and common feeling in not agreeing with her and her sentimental correspondent, Augusta, upon the propriety of his sister "paying" the Knightlies, "with herself" and her sixty thousand pounds, (thus Gerald account-

ed for the little scene between him and the young lady,) why, he could find in his heart, (bad as she was pleased to think it,) to excuse *her*, upon the score of exalted notions of things, and of heroic friendship for, of course, her much-wronged Augusta.

These thoughts passed rapidly through Gerald's mind, as he seated himself by his agreeable friend Gunning, and were now interrupted by a young clergyman pronouncing grace, to which there was appended an impromptu prayer, as follows:—"And shield and interpose to save us, O Lord, ever, and now, and most especially this coming night, from the blind hatred and fury of our cruel enemies!"

The faces which an instant before had been cheerful, darkened, and were cast down, while the young cleric sonorously and slowly uttered these words; the festive clatter of more than twenty tongues subsided in deep silence; and when he had ended, an impressive "amen!" arose from all,—three of the party only excepted. One was Gerald, who, in consequence of Flood's badinage about the fleet of turf-boats during the day, strongly inclined to treat the

whole matter lightly, and would not therefore lightly "worry Heaven with prayers;" another was Gunning, who, his napkin seriously adjusted, had been glancing, half-critically, half-hungrily, at the soup, and now cried "stuff!" instead of "amen," ("amen stuck in his throat,") loud enough to be heard beyond Gerald's ear, into which the expressive monosyllable had, by a quick turn of his head, been directed; and the third was Miss Maria Gore, who just demurely held her tongue, until an ostentatious "amen!" from the gallant officer at her side, caused her to exchange a glance with him, and then she distinctly smiled.

"Maria?" remonstrated Miss Gore severely, though in an undertone, as she fixed her almost flashing eyes on her sister.

"Well, Selina?" responded Maria quietly. It was evident to Gerald that the sisters might love each other better. But the independent, though, as has been said, quiet look of the one, was a match for the dictatorial regard of the other; and with a shrug on the part of Miss Gore, the matter ended.

Sighing, from the effects of the termination

of the grace, and, for the first time since Gerald had known them, their smiles faded, if not quite withered, Mr. and Mrs. Gore began to do the honours of their table.

Gunning, having been at last helped to soup, just tasted it, and then abruptly took leave of his spoon.

"Don't touch it," he said to Gerald, "it will freeze you; they have iced it, and it will poison you with bay-salt and cayenne."

Gerald had, however, already entitled himself to form his own opinion; and he now thought Gunning's censure too harsh, and told him so.

"Nonsense! you're as bad as they; the thing is as plain as my stick: it might have been tolerable vermicelli, if it had not been left to grow cold in their mismanaged Irish kitchen; and then they tried to make it hot with seasoning instead of fire, (the fire was boiling or roasting some of the great joints we are yet to see,) and they succeeded."

So, Mr. Gunning, all but groaning with impatience, would for the present only chew a morsel of crust, and along with it "the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

By and by, however, he ventured on fish,

which, excepting that he called it also "cold and spoiled," seemed to please him better.

He proposed a glass of Madeira with Gerald, and had scarce raised it to his lips, when, not going to the trouble of hiding a horrid grimace, he put it down again. Mr. Gore caught both the grimace, the action, and also the glance, but with a conscious dropping of his eye, took no notice. Gerald sipped the wine, and observed it in his glass, and felt, indeed, assured, that, whatever might have been its original merit, it was now out of order,—hot, and discoloured from recent shaking. Nor, recollecting Mr. Gore's futile visit, a few hours before, to the office of the disobliging wine-merchant, did he see much difficulty in assigning a reason why.

Gerald, really feeling for his old friend, thus disappointed of the pleasant stimulant reckoned upon by palate and stomach, advised him to try the Sherry. Gunning did, and pronounced it worse than the Madeira. The Moselle, and the light French wines, he would not touch: he hated them—hated every French potation except La Fitte, and that—even could one hope for it under the name of Claret *here*,—he must not expect to see till the dessert appeared.

As a desperate resource he called for beer. The servant handed it, and he sent it back to the side-board, in the hearing of the identical brewer, Mr. Blake, whose manufacture it was, and who sat almost opposite to him; — malt liquor is certainly not found as good in Dublin as in London. He asked for soda-water. There was none: but ginger-beer was at his service.

"No. Whoever liked that stuff," he muttered to Gerald, "might go seek it, in a rural visit to the heights of Primrose-hill, of a sunny Sunday."

Meantime, dinner went on, through its removes and courses, each abundant, and, it might generally be admitted, well-cooked and nicely arranged, if not neatly served. But Mr. Gunning, though he condescended to offer substantial proofs of his good opinion of a saddle of mutton, of different kinds of wild-fowl, and of the pastry, still contended, in his asides to Gerald, that he had never got through so uncomfortable a dinner.

"It quite agrees," he continued, "with all I have heard of every thing in Ireland, where every thing just comes near to what it ought to be—manner, mind, dress, house, furniture,

equipage, dinner—and yet always wants a certain something to make it as perfect as we have it at home."

But Gerald, from his slight insight into the hurry and doubt which had presided over the first needful arrangements for this particular dinner, argued that Mr. Gunning was not quite at liberty to take it as a fair specimen of all the other dinners given by individuals of wealth, as well as of fashion, throughout the Emerald Island.

"Champagne?" queried Mr. Gunning, in mixed satisfaction, doubt, and surprise, as an attendant proffered it, while he devoured some preserved-fruit pie—"Well!" he turned round to be ready for the glass, saying to Gerald, "in the fuss this makes, one can swallow it, whatever it is like:" and when he had caused the foaming liquor to disappear—"Gooseberry," he added; "but good gooseberry, however;" and he seemed slightly conciliated.

"Mr. Blount, my esteemed young friend, you will agree with us, poor English-Irish, that our lot *is* a sad one, in this wretched country," began Mr. Gore, adverting to a conversation which for some time had been going on between

almost all the guests except Gunning and Gerald, who did not even attend to it; "and so will your excellent friend at your right."

"I don't know that," said Gunning.

"But, my worthy Mr. Gunning," resumed Mr. Gore, in almost the full re-bloom of his smiles, which reminded Gerald of an old air of his country, 'a rose tree in full bearing:'—"Before we accept your dissent, you will allow us to remind you upon what grounds we have all agreed to reckon on the great pleasure of your vote: you surely are aware in what a situation we are this evening placed; scarce able to enjoy the happiness of each other's society; scarce able to celebrate, convivially, the domestic event that brings us together."

"I certainly was not aware that you were all placed in any such situation," answered Gunning.

"Indeed!—not that we sit here expecting, in the course of a few hours, an attempt to destroy us, and every person of our religious and political opinions in Dublin?"

"No. What kind of an attempt? by whom?—what the deuce does he mean?" turning to Gerald.

"By the Popish Rockites, my dear friend,

who rush up from their native wilds for the purpose, and who are to be joined by the old Popish rebels of the liberty, my dear Sir—the discontented weavers."

"With their shuttles, positively," lisped Flood. Gunning looked hard from Mr. Gore to him; and after a moment's scrutiny, seemed to comprehend.

"How has this been found out?" he inquired dubiously.

"We are not, perhaps, precisely in possession of the information necessary to answer your question, my good Sir; or, perhaps,"—assuming official mystery—"it would not be considered prudent at the Cawstle if we did answer it; but found out the thing has been."

"And you are so positive that it must happen?"

"Providence—who, since the first planting of English interests in this miserable country, has wonderfully upheld those interests, against an immense numerical odds of the Papist people—may, indeed, be pleased to avert our danger. But so nearly positive are we of what we have to encounter, that, before twilight, the guards were doubled at the Cawstle, and at

every other point through Dublin; our garrison, of many thousand men, received orders to be in readiness for instant action; horse-police, (the great Duke's excellent institution when he was Secretary at the Cawstle,) assisted by squadrons of the —th dragoons, began to patrol our streets,—hush! there some of them go by;—and you could not find one loyal Protestant house, in our whole city, unbarricaded, this moment, or the male inmates of one unprepared to defend to the last, their hearths, their families, their religion, and all that is dear to them."

"Then, I suppose, I sit in a fortified hold?"

"Indeed, my dear friend, you do. I took every precaution, to be sure, against unnecessarily alarming, by my measures, such of our guests as the affair might prove new to, or might jar too much;" bowing, and now sadly smiling from one lady to another round the table.

"But we knew we could depend on you, Mr. Gore; indeed, we did," said Miss Flint.

"Thank you, my dear Miss Flint; I hope still to be found worthy of your good opinion. But, my dear Mr. Gunning, I trust I

was not, therefore, deficient in energy and foresight, in arranging every means of defence; and so well secured are our doors and windows, so watchful my servants, and so well armed too, together with many who hear me, that, even supposing our patrols surprised abroad in the city, it will require a large and determined body of rebels to overpower us."

"Oh, we need have little fear, after all," resumed Miss Flint; "the savages will get what they deserve—only I don't know what in the living world I shall do with myself when I hear the shots, and hear them roaring for us!" It seemed that Miss Flint enjoyed her panic in a strange kind of way, and anticipated the commotion in as much glee as anxiety.

"Then, from all you tell me, Mr. Gore, you must excuse my saying—notwithstanding your excellent soups, wines, and every thing else—that I wish I was safe at home, in No. 13, —— street, Grosvenor-square, instead of sitting here, this night."

"Ah, my kind friend, well may you be excused; Ireland is, indeed, the country to wish to get out of."

"Well; and 'tis also the country *to* get out

of, if we survive this bloody night;—and there's my comfort; and yours, too, should you only be inclined to follow my example."

"But how? when—to live—we *cannot*, my dear friend;—when here, fortune has cast our lot, for good or ill—you surely will not at last decline to admit that lot to be, as I have said, a very sad one."

"Yes, indeed, since you cannot enjoy yourselves, in your houses, after dinner, in the metropolis of Ireland, watched over by your garrison of so many thousand men, without expecting to have yourselves put to death in cold blood. But to me, an Englishman, it seems rather strange that you cannot. Is there nothing to be done to get you and the people of the country to live better friends?"

"Nothing, my dear Mr. Gunning. They are a half-savage race who hate us, our religion, our superior station, and our English descent, just as the Caffers and Hottentots hate the members and subjects of our paternal Colonial Government at the Cape, and——"

"If you give them the same cause for hatred, as that Colonial Government, which you

call paternal, gives to the Caffers and Hottentots, I love *them* for hating *you* with all their hearts and souls," interrupted Gunning.

"And I," said Gerald.

"But of course you do not?" continued this plain-speaker, half-willing to relieve the profound blank of countenance his comment had produced.

"Indeed we do not. On the contrary, we strain every nerve to benefit them, and they won't let us."

"How, twice over?"

"In the first place, we establish schools for them, all over the country, at great expense, our funds derived from individual donations and subscriptions, and from parliamentary grants; and into these schools they will not send their wild little children, merely because their bigoted priests object to our Bible without note or comment."

"Nay," said Mr. Priestly, "we open that Bible to them, and on the authority of its Word, we prove to them that their priests are the teachers of an idolatrous and blasphemous superstition, in the mire of which they and their children wallow, and——"

"They won't believe you, I suppose?" asked Gunning.

"Before the rescinding, within the last forty years, of the principal penal statutes, they were inclined to be quieter, though they never could have grown to like us," said the Judge's son, who was "going to the bar"—a great "go," (as he would himself have said,) amongst all classes of young English-Irish, from the tradesman's son to the Earl's;—"Since, then, however, according as Papist-attornies, and barristers, and merchants, and farmers, have sprung up, and have been permitted to brawl their way on, in the Four-Courts, and to make demagogue speeches at taverns, and to engage in all kinds of traffic, and to take, nay, to become absolute proprietors of land,—while nothing can be more injurious to English ascendancy in this country, than their thus engrossing much professional and social influence, which ought to be limited to the King's loyal subjects, the sturdiness, and the presumption, generated, at the same time, amongst the lower orders of their countrymen, in consequence of their petty elevation, is intolerable, Mr. Gunning, and may be said to be the chief cause of

our uncomfortable situation in Mr. Gore's house, Sir, this very night."

"If they spare us, this very night, I have no quarrel with them about the 'sturdiness' however," said Gunning; "I hope they'll grow as sturdy as they can, it will be all the better for them—the peasants of my country are sturdy rascals, and I think well of them for it—I am sturdy myself, and I like myself because I am. But, concerning the presumption?"

"Perhaps Mr. Gunning will allow me to explain that," said old Sir John Lumley, bowing graciously; "I ought to know something of it; I have been dealing with those people these—— that is, since I came of age; and about the time mentioned by my learned young friend opposite to me—or rather some years afterwards—I found them tractable, and respectful, and obedient, almost to the extent one could expect from beings of their caste; but, as my learned young friend also has said, ever since persons of their religion, and sprung almost from their own class, began to figure away as counsellors, forsooth, and demagogues, and gentlemen farmers, ay, and landed gentlemen too, and rich merchants—"

"And would-be bank-directors—I beg your pardon, Sir John, but my hint may add to the information you are conveying to our English friend," said the brewer of the beer Mr. Gunning had sent back to the sideboard, who, by the way, *was* a bank-director.

"Yes, Mr.—a—a—Blake—thank you;—yes, Mr. Gunning, some of those mushroom, purse-proud Papists, thought to foist themselves in also amongst the respectable persons who manage the important concerns of our national bank; but they met the repulse they merited. And to continue—ever since the common people of this country saw their fellow-papists making way in the different pursuits I have described, nothing can equal the remarkable change that has taken place in their demeanour towards the Protestant noblemen and gentry, who, generally speaking, are, thank God! yet their landlords."

"For instance, Sir John?"

"Why, my good Sir, these fellows absolutely begin to threaten you, upon the slightest provocation, with summoning you, and processing you, and going to law with you."

"The deuce they do," sneered Gunning.

"Think of that!" cried Miss Flint.

"Yes, Sir," resumed Sir John; "I assure

you, Mr. Gunning—I assure you, Mr. Blount —that the son of a fellow whom, thirty or forty years ago, you might have paid with a horse-whipping, or with setting your dogs at his heels, if he presumed to teaze you with a complaint of high rent, or a complaint against your land-steward, or for breaking his fence, or for treading down a few of his potatoe-stalks, or a few blades of his corn, or what not, out hunting—the son of that same fellow will now threaten to indict you for a common assault at the quarter-sessions, when you only lay your whip across his shoulders, upon any such annoying occasion."

"The slave! Does he not knock you clean down?" asked Gunning, suddenly thumping the table, as he gave way to the indignation of a man born, and, almost to the present moment, living amongst a free and independent people.

The ladies started. The gentlemen looked at each other. During a short pause—"This is quite too bad," said he to Gerald; "come away."

"Stay, for Heaven's sake!" said Gerald, as he prepared to rise upon his stick: "I share your feelings; but let us recollect ourselves,—our fair friends; see, they are frightened."

"Are they? I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gore," grunted Gunning, quietly re-seating himself.

"Besides," added Gerald, "you know we cannot well force our way out of this fortified house; and even if we did, it were but to face the Rockites and disaffected weavers."

"Stuff!—if there really were such a mob in the streets, I could find in my heart to go out and head them in upon these people."

"But the main question," said Mr. Gore, softening over the late little explosion with a muster of all his best graces, "and, indeed, the most useful one, is, how are we to take millions of wretched and ferocious peasantry of Ireland, out of the hands of those who so inflame them against us, in order, as you so properly have remarked, my dear Mr. Gunning, to live at peace with them, and to guard against the recurrence of such nights as we now sit exposed to?"

"Educate them," said Lady Offally.

"Your Ladyship knows they won't be educated on our plan."

"Couldn't noblemen and gentlemen get a law passed to take their children from them by force, and send them to school?" asked Miss

Gore regally, with a slight glance upon Sir John.

"If indeed, by any good and lawful means, we could get the poor infants under our care, at the very earliest age, and allow them to develope the 'determination which God has given to their nature,' and 'the germ of his everlasting Word, by which the whole universe was created, and upon which all existence, spiritual as well as material, depends,'" resumed Lady Offally, quoting from a mystic little book, "then, indeed, we might hope to see the natives of this country improved in the rising generation. A few of such infant schools, on the principle of Pestalozzi, established by myself, I have great hopes of, as you know, Miss Flint."

"Ah, no wonder!" assented Miss Flint; "those your Ladyship showed me, last month, in the country! Lots of the poor little dears, Mrs. Gore, sitting on mats, to keep the damp of the clay floor from their poor little—bodies," hesitating, "and none of them more than three or four years old; and they so comfortable there, the day long, out of harm's way, and fretted with nothing in the world wide, but just allowed to 'develope the consciousness of the divine

germ within their own hearts!' Think of that! So, educate them after dear, delightful Pestalozzi, I say too."

"Educate them, but not so vaguely," observed Mr. Priestly: "educate them in the letter as well as in the spirit of the Word: that, and that only, will allow you to be friends with them, and avert recurrences of such a night as this."

"That is, convert them," said Lord Harmer.

"Keep them down," recommended Sir John Lumley.

"And begin with the demagogues," added the Judge's son, "and the 'counsellors,'" with a sneer.

"Make them tidy," exhorted Miss Flint; "support our society, teach them to go neat, and to turn small loans, and to whitewash."

At the last word Mr. Gore slightly started.

"Set them to drain all the bogs," said Lord Offally.

"And to improve the fisheries," hinted Lord Friar.

"Thin them," advised a young Fellow of Dublin College.

"That's the way," agreed the Militia lieutenant.

"Yes, ship them off, in fleets, to our colonies," recommended Mr. Blake.

"And afterwards, — indeed, immediately, — make marriage amongst those who stay at home, except under prescribed circumstances, and at a certain age, penal," said the young clergyman who had pronounced grace, a deep student in Malthus.

"Think of that!" cried Miss Flint, looking very much pleased at him, (though astonished and puzzled,) in gratitude for his confining matrimony to "a certain age."

"Mine is a shorter way," resumed the young Fellow of College; "they and their demagogues threaten us with their numbers — *let* them rebel."

"Ay, and thin them then," echoed the lieutenant.

"What say you, Mr. Gunning?" asked Mr. Gore.

"Oh, nothing like leather," answered the cynic.

Mrs. Gore arose to lead her fair battalion to

the drawing-room, ere Mr. Gunning gave his reply; as if, indeed, she and they were not to sit and listen to the opinions of so uncouth a person.

The moment they had retired, Lord Friar raised his glass, and while his common, vacant, and disagreeable features betrayed a peculiar excitement — "Come, Gore," he said boisterously, "you shall have *my* remedy in my old toast at the 'Beef-steak,' and here it is— 'The Pope in the pillory, the pillory in h—ll, pelted with priests by the d——l!'"

Amid the cheer which followed, Gunning arose, and said, "I decline that toast."

"And so do I," said Gerald, standing by his side, and offering him his unhurt arm.

Glances were interchanged round the table, and Lord Friar began to swell. A shout in the street, as if in answer to the cheer that had just been given, diverted the rising storm. Every face now looked more seriously occupied; the next instant, while the shouts abroad continued, a kind of clashing was heard. The next, screams echoed from the drawing-room; a rush of light and small feet came down-stairs; two servants, pale and agitated, stumbled into

the dining-room, both faltering—"Oh, Sir!—Oh, gentlemen!" and as Mrs. Gore and all of her fair party, Miss Maria Gore excepted, rushed in, still more pale and frightened, some yet shrieking, (Miss Flint the loudest,) and some prepared to swoon in the first pair of strong arms they could encounter—"Up, gentlemen, and arm!—Spike! throw open the lockers of that sideboard! It is the blood-thirsty yell of the Papists, by Heavens!" cried Mr. Gore.

CHAPTER XI.

THE servants quickly executed their master's orders, and flinging wide some little cupboards in the article of furniture he spoke of, displayed a goodly depôt of pistols, great and small, with one or two blunderbusses. This accession to the secret arms, which, as Miss Flint hinted, most of the gentlemen assembled had carried about them, and which they now quickly displayed, soon transformed the festive circle into a gallant band, prepared to resist to the last. Even Gerald allowed a weapon of death to be thrust into his single available hand, and Mr. Gore called loudly on Mr. Gunning to arm himself also. At first the old gentleman did not appear amongst his friends, nor answer to his name; but when the challenge was repeated, he spoke from the chimney-corner, where, remote from the whole group, who had clustered

in the middle of the apartment, he appeared, bent towards the fire, propping himself with one hand upon his stick, and with the other making the poker hot.

"A pistol, my excellent friend!" cried Mr. Gore.

"No, thank you," replied Gunning.

"Then a blunderbuss, if you prefer it!"

"Nor that, neither: don't mind me; I engage to defend myself with this;" he spoke either in the most imperturbable coolness and bravery, or else in a downright sneer: Mr. Gore and his friends could not tell which; but Gerald thought the latter, because, previous to his retreat upon the fire, he had seen Mr. Gunning exchange a few significant words apart with Captain Flood. And yet Gerald could now really see no cause for sneering at the matter, notwithstanding that Flood might still choose to amuse himself with real danger, and the fears of others.

"The rest of the servants guard all the lower doors?" demanded Mr. Gore of the two trembling attendants who had entered, and who also were now strongly armed. They answered in the affirmative.

"You both, then, remain to watch the windows of this room:—dear ladies, you will be under the necessity of withdrawing to the cellars below,—*they* will be our citadel—*them* we will defend to the last drop of our blood!—Mrs. Blake—Angelina, my heart! do not sit there, looking so very helplessly frightened." Mrs. Blake did not look frightened to any great degree, but rather much surprised at being put out of her way.—"Mrs. Gore, I thank you, love, for your heroism;" the lady was supporting Miss Flint through the performance of a faint; or, as in her own double-refined English she called it, a *feint*,—"now lead down your dear friends, and our dear charge—some gentlemen will assist you to the cellar-door with poor Miss Flint. Mrs. Hunt, my respectable old friend, do not kneel in that corner: where are Miss Chip, and her younger sister, Mrs. Stone?" Mrs. Gore pointed to one of the close-drawn crimson curtains of the apartment; and when it was dragged aside the old ladies appeared, indeed, behind it, kneeling with their faces to the floor, in the recess of the window.

"To the cellars, dear ladies!" continued Mr. Gore, as, ere he had quite completed his muster of those who were to be incarcerated in them, the shouts which for the last few minutes had been growing faint at a distance, now rose shrilly abroad, and seemed rapidly approaching to the hall-door. "Yet, stop! the villains come on so quick, it may be better not to trust our precious charge out of our sight.—Hark! the clashing of pikes and other rude weapons increases!—what do you advise, Captain Flood?"

"Permit the suggestion that you ask Lord Friar; his Lordship has served in former campaigns against these wild enemies," said Flood, pointing to the noble person he spoke of, who, his back against the wall behind the door, the arm which held his pistol dropped at his side, his sunken eyes staring, and his disagreeable features cadaverously pale, seemed the individual of all the band least capable of guiding the counsel of war.

"His Lordship ought, indeed, to assist us, in every way, for his own sake," said Gunning, still watching his poker, with his back bent

and turned; "for, if I don't greatly mistake, they were listening to his toast down the chimney."

"I leave every thing to you and Captain Flood, Mr. Gore," faltered Lord Friar; "and as to the unlucky toast, I hope to be able to explain it."

"Then speak at once, Flood!" exhorted Mr. Gore, as the shrill shouts seemed to arise exactly before the house; "Shall we lock the ladies into this parlour, and defend them in the hall, rather than trust them to a sudden surprise on their passage to the cellars?"

"Very positively, I tend to think so," answered Captain Flood; "and first, before we leave them here, remotely allow, valiant host, the hint of a little stratagem, or *ruse de guerre*, to inspire doubt, if not terror, in the assailants."

"Any thing you please, my dear fellow!"

"Then, amiable ladies, fall back; all divisions of our band of defenders, advance, and form in line here—good. My Lord Friar, fall in; now, eyes forward to the fire-place, and, when I give the word, salute it with a volley."

"What's that?" asked Gunning, suddenly hobbling aside, and abandoning his poker, while

renewed screams arose amongst the ladies, and Miss Flint, Miss Chip, Mrs. Stone, and others, turned their faces to the wall, and stopped their ears.

"Ready, present, fire—" commanded Flood; and there ensued, indeed, a stunning volley, rendered ten times more harsh than it would have proved in the open air, by the limited space to which the explosion was confined. One of the blunderbusses scattered slugs wide of the mark, and did wild work amongst the glass on the sideboard, which considerably added to the noise; the coals jumped out of the grate, and rattled against the fender; the fire-irons were knocked down, and clashed against each other; many panes in the windows burst to shivers; Lord Friar's ball erred aside and shot a lap-dog, whose dying yelps frightfully joined the general din; but the climax of the uproar were the frantic shrieks of Miss Flint and her middle-aged friends, as, unable to control their impulsive terror, they fell flat on the carpet, kicking it with their toes, and scratching it with their nails.

"Nice shooting, good practice," applauded Flood: "recover arms, prime and load, and reserve the next volley for the enemy, if, indeed,

this manifestation of our force and resolution does not cause them remotely to contemplate a retreat;—and hush! are they not already silenced and in motion past our position?"

It was even so. The shouts abroad instantly subsided upon the discharge of the fire-arms, and the noise of a running crowd grew every moment more distant.

"Yes, my dear Captain, you are right! 'twas an excellent thought!" cried Mr. Gore; "but do you account us quite safe?—may they not have run back merely to obtain a reinforcement from their main body?"

"It is exceedingly probable," said Flood.

"Now, then, is our moment to escort our dearest friends to the cellars," continued Mr. Gore; and, under the protection of some of the armed party, to the cellars the ladies accordingly withdrew: Miss Flint and her contemporaries borne in the gentlemen's arms, while they loudly bewailed themselves; Mrs. Blake looking at last alive, and coldly muttering, "How very odd!" and Miss Gore, looking frowning and fierce, and tossing out of the parlour with a—"desperately provoking!"

They were scarcely gone, when a body of

horse trotted hard by the house, and were soon out of hearing, down the square.

"There go our friends!" exclaimed Mr. Gore joyously, "in time to cut off the rebels in a second advance—still let us stand prepared. What's the matter, my dear Offally?" as his Lordship spoke loud in the hall—"Indeed!"—having gained the parlour-door—"gentlemen, friends, here's domestic treachery!" he continued—"some one of my household, in the confidence of the rebels, has extinguished the lamps in the hall, and on the stairs, and in the passages! Come in, Lord Offally—come in, gentlemen—let us secure the door, and investigate this."

With a grave look, Mr. Gore turned the key in the lock, and went on in a low voice.

"I think I can fathom it at once. Notwithstanding all my efforts to procure loyal Protestant servants exclusively, by public advertisements as well as by private inquiries, I have not been able to complete the number necessary for my establishment, without including one Papist footman, Regan O'Regan by name; and that *he*, this Papist, Regan O'Regan, has, according to agreement with the rebels, now

put out the lamps, in order to create confusion amongst our little garrison, and so facilitate the attempt of our sworn murderers, I, for one, do not entertain a doubt."

Many of Mr. Gore's friends agreed with him.

"Then, should we not secure him?—Spike!" to one of the servants who had first entered the room, and who, according to orders, remained to guard its windows—"in what part of the house is this fellow to be found?"

"He stands guard with Tomlin, and Mr. White, at the back-door, Sir--but——"

"Arrest and disarm him instantly! and conduct him hither."

"Meantime, the duty be mine to reconnoitre the principal enemy from some window above stairs," said Flood, and withdrew.

"Why do you hesitate, sirrah?" demanded Mr. Gore to the servant, who had been earnestly speaking to his companion.

"James Day, here, Sir, thinks it his duty to set you right about O'Regan and the lamps, though he is sure you will be angry with himself."

"What, villain!" cried Mr. Gore to Day—

"*you—you!* and not this Papist, are the traitor? you confess it, do you?"

"He confesses a great neglect of his business, Sir, though no treason. In the hurry of the house, this morning, preparing for dinner and the *mass-sacker* together,—he forgot to put fresh oil in the lamps."

"The mouse is born," whispered Gunning to Gerald, "but 'tis only mouse the first; the mountain will have twins this time."

"You careless scoundrel!" cried Mr. Gore, more angry at his own failure in sagacity than at poor James Day's neglect—"prepare to leave my service to-morrow morning,—you and that Papist together."

"As soon as you pay me my wages, Sir, I am ready to go," grumbled Day.

"Leave the room, you dog!" Gerald observed with surprise a ferocious change in Mr. Gore's manner, much more positive than he had witnessed in the morning, while walking with him through Dublin; "put down your pistol, and leave the room!"

"Though, if I stay till your honour *does* pay me, we 'll be apt to be a long time together, I 'm

thinking," rejoined the man, as he obeyed the first of these commands.

"Begone, without another word!" bellowed Mr. Gore, stamping at him. Gerald now thought his bland host—savage. The servant, unlocking the door, doggedly withdrew.

The open door admitted sounds from the drawing-room, which made every one start and listen, and particularly Mr. Gore.

"Hush!" he said, "surely there has been one of our ladies forgotten above stairs, and something now happens to throw her into that appalling hysteric laugh; some of you follow me, gentlemen, for Heaven's sake!"

Gerald, the first to attend to his host's request, ascended the stairs by his side. Mr. Gore gave the word to advance cautiously, and all stole upon tiptoe. The stifled laughing still rang on their ears, with scarce an interval of cessation. In certain misgivings, Gerald got several paces before Mr. Gore, and stopped alone at the open drawing-room door to listen. The voice of Flood reached him, recounting, in a low key, but in the very best specimen of his ridiculous style of exaggeration, the scene of firing a volley at the grate in the room below;

and his portraiture of the valour of the gentlemen, and of the terror of some of the ladies, was really so mirth-moving, that his auditor might almost be forgiven her enjoyment of it. Mr. Gore's hasty approach now arrested, however, Miss Maria Gore's laughter, and Gerald heard the hoaxing dandy move towards a window.

"Good God! Maria!—Maria, my love!" ejaculated Mr. Gore, as accompanied by Gerald, and followed by his party, he entered the drawing-room, "What has happened to you?"

"Nothing, Sir," answered the young lady demurely.

"Collect yourself, my dearest child! See—your friends are with you—how wild she looks! Answer me, for Heaven's sake! who has so terrified you? Some of the villains that have been spirited into the house, I am convinced, gentlemen. Ha! that window open! and a man behind that curtain!"

"And your poor friend, ever," said Flood, advancing, "very diligently stationed here to reconnoitre."

"Has my dear child explained the cause of her fit to you?" Mr. Gore joined him.

"Excuse the ignorance of an exceedingly

steady soldier, attentive to nothing but the duties of his post," answered Flood.

"Maria, my love!"—Mr. Gore turned to address her again, but Miss Maria had left the room. "This is very strange!" said her father, when the renewed clatter of horsemen aroused a new interest. In a moment a patrole of the —th halted before the house.

"Flood!" cried the officer; "*'tis* Flood?"

"Rather positively, good Morton," replied his friend.

"In the name of wonder, what have you all been doing in this house? or what has been doing to you all? We have ascertained that under Mr. Gore's roof was the discharge of firearms, which reached us half a mile off, and terrified all your neighbours to death, and frightened all Dublin—is it so?"

"There was a volley, positively," agreed Flood.

"At whom? for what?"

"While the rebels came up to assault our doors, Captain Morton," answered Mr. Gore, presenting himself at the window, "and it had the desired effect of scaring them away, just

before you pushed by to profit by their retreat; —you came up with them, did you?"

"Pho! Mr. Gore; if that be all, your powder and ball are wasted, and your neighbours startled to little purpose. I came up only with a ragged crowd of boys and lads, who, in mockery, I suppose, of the terrors of people who ought to be wiser than they, were amusing themselves very laughably about the streets."

"But we heard the clash of some kind of rude weapons, Captain Morton!"

"You heard the clash of a bundle of tin cannisters and old kettles tied to a dog's tail, upon whose back was strapped a cat, habited in military uniform, and whom the young rascals were hunting up and down the square, Mr. Gore."

"Mouse the second," said Gunning, "and a much finer mouse than his twin-brother. I love those ragged little villains, and their cannisters, in my heart of hearts."

"Good God! is it possible!" cried Mr. Gore, after expending a good many other ejaculations; "and up to this hour—let me see, near ten o'clock,—up to this hour we are all really safe, Captain Morton?"

"You are, Mr. Gore; and I think I may warrant your safety till morning, provided you let each other alone, and avoid the chances of stray bullets from another speculative volley. Good-night, Mr. Gore; my compliments and assurances to your amiable ladies—Good-night, Flood; I see we may thank you for this—you are, what you ever have been, a sad dog."

"Good-night, too confident comrade," said Flood.

With faces expressive of a doubt that they had rather made fools of themselves, many of the gentlemen, now abandoning or concealing their arms, proceeded, led by Mr. Gore, to relieve their fair friends from imprisonment. And in a short time the ladies re-appeared in the drawing-room, their brows yet anxious and their cheeks pale, their head-dresses ornamented with cob-webs, and their slippers and flounces not the better for having swept the floors of the cellars. Miss Maria Gore joined them; the only lady of the party who still exhibited her usual smiles and roses, as well as her usual good order of attire.

"What luck you had to be left behind!" said Miss Flint to her: "and, think of this!

nothing but cannisters at a dog's tail, after all! and we so safe, out of the way, and every thing in the world! Dear me!"

"Gentlemen should take time to reflect before they subject us to such horrid inconvenience," observed Miss Gore, glancing hostilely at Sir John Lumley.

"I 'm very cold, I believe," murmured Mrs. Blake, giving a little yawn and a shudder.

Tea and coffee, a replenished fire, and shutting the drawing-room doors, somewhat re-established the comforts of the party. Gunning, after whispering, as he passed Gerald, "all this is being in Ireland," drew a chair close to the fender, and set himself to contemplate the phantasmagoria of the red coals in the grate.

Gerald remained wholly occupied with another kind of phantasmagoria. His friend Flood and Miss Maria seemed still better acquainted than his growing interest towards that young lady allowed him to relish. Finding them together in the drawing-room, confidentially amused with the mortal terror of the whole house besides, was worse than their fine-arts studies and their relative positions at dinner. And he felt very anxious to ascertain Flood's sentiments, at least,

on the subject, which he proposed to do by conversing with himself. But he would not put any abrupt question.

He would imperceptibly lead to such a one as must serve his purpose.

Flood soon gave him the opportunity of asking any question. Since the return of the ladies from their subterraneous dungeons, he and Miss Maria had not noticed each other. Gerald looked round for her, previous to his approach to him, at the other side of the room, (where he was assisting Miss Flint to extract the scraps of cobwebs from her cap and her front,) and saw the young lady seated by Mr. Gunning at the fire, holding his stick while he sipped his coffee, and chatting merrily with him, while the rough old man absolutely seemed, from the expression of his face, to be aroused into something like a human sympathy.

"I am your suitor for an opinion, Flood, in a case of extreme difficulty," said Gerald, after he had stood over his friend and Miss Flint, until her cap and curls (the latter, as has already been insinuated, only *called* hers) were pronounced cobweb free.

"Friend of my early days, I attend you." They found out an unoccupied corner.

"You have already assisted me to get at our good host, Mr. Gore; help me again."

"Positively, no."

"Why so?"

"Even because, worthy fellow, Heaven hath endowed you with eyes, ears, and observation of your own."

"But supposing me ever so gifted, I require time and multiplied opportunities to arrive at my point; and, if I cannot afford the time, and so miss the opportunities, and if my interests, Flood, require, notwithstanding, that—"

"Ah, hear him! Very certainly he holds me bound to be as a guide and a light to him, in every imaginable way; and since such is the lot, as well as the slight inclination of your constant friend, estimable Blount,—speak."

"Well. Mr. Gore has, long ago, while I was in France, given three hundred and fifty pounds in trust for me to a friend of his who was going out to India, via London, and the money awaits me either at Lord Clangore's, or at my banker's."

"If, very unhappily, Mr. Gore's friend may not have taken it, through the merest shade of a mistake, out to India? Goes it not rather so?"

"Yes; rather so, indeed."

"And you incontestably do not comprehend?"

"I am very unwilling to comprehend as you seem to wish I should."

"Which, I venture to hint, is being as verdant as you are accomplished and virtuous, magnanimous Blount.—But what was 'magnanimous Goldsmith' at 'Scarron's of old?'"

"A gooseberry fool," answered Gerald.

"Thou hast said it, and not thy faithful and respectful admirer, old class-mate:—wherefore spare me."

"You are pardoned. But listen. You saw how anxious Mr. Gore was, in your presence, this morning, to get me here to dinner. Well, his hospitable zeal wonderfully cooled as we walked along the streets, and he even wanted to see me under weigh, this evening, out of his country, until by chance we met his excellent lady, and Miss, and Miss Maria Gore, in their carriage, and then he grew irresistibly warm, and good, and pressing again, all of a sudden—read me that."

"First, primitive being, vouchsafe a very few admissions. You laboured under one of your constitutional agitations, at sight of Miss Maria Gore, I am bold enough to pronounce."

"Yes, indeed, and even raved of her to her father's face, before I knew who she was."

"Doubtless. Hearken, then, to the words of thy poor oracle. The original warmth of the morning, was English-Irish accomplishment; while the heart beneath hoped and prayed to its gods for the identical refusal you accorded."

"Why, what could be the motive for hating my company, at such a rate?"

"The simple vision of that noble countenance, which, though redolent of high aspirings and deep benignity to all the world besides, was unto thy excellent host, even as would have been the features of ugliness, enmity, yea, and threat."

"You must go on."

"Horrid remembrancer!—a leaf of a tradesfolk's ledger it was—a protested bill—an attorney's letter—a summons—a process— a latitat—a forehead marked with the mark of The Beast."

"Oh, now I accompany you. Well. But his sudden change into affection, when he presented me at the carriage-door?"

"To that thy oracle answereth in pithy aphorisms, *you* slightly continuing to recollect

the eloquent praises of a certain lady pronounced by your lips ere the memorable presentation. Often blessed is a father, over head and ears in debt, in the beauty of his daughter. Sweet as the promise of a receipt in full from a creditor, is the smile of that creditor upon her comeliness."

"Well, Flood, and I own that Miss Maria Gore desperately fascinated me."

"As why should the very brilliant person not?"

"Shall I allow her to keep doing so?"

"In this respect, content your susceptible heart according to its yearnings. The flower of her garden she may be suggested to be, always taking into account her sympathetic power over bosoms such as thine, easily fascinated Blount. But allow to thy still watchful friend the shadow of yet another warning. For all your present gentle feelings, and for all your future sweet communings with the present lady of your love, hand not to her pleasing parent many more little drafts on your London banker. *Her*, win and wear, unto death, if you can;—him wed not along with her."

"I shall remember your friendly hint. But

do you know, Flood, my interest for the lady has chiefly been aroused by her strongly reminding me of a charming person we met a few weeks ago in Père la Chaise?"

"And, indubitably, your constant friend was, by the first vision of Miss Maria Gore, also inclined to be startled, as if at a re-appearance of that evasive individual."

"Is she not the very same?"

"I will even positively put myself in gentle motion, and ask her for you."

"That's very obliging—pray do; she glided this moment into the whist-tables in the other room."

"Venture to account the service undertaken;" and Flood accordingly slid off.

Gerald looked round for Gunning, anxious, till his friend's return, to get an idea from him of the kind of chat that had for some time gone on between the cynic and Miss Maria. He did not appear, however, at the fire. Miss Flint pattered up to Gerald's corner.

"We want your opinion, this very moment, Mr. Blount, of—Which is the very best, and most delightful, and most striking of the novels that all the world is reading and raving about?

And, come here, Captain ——," calling to the mute young admirer of Mrs. Blake—" we want yours too, above all things in the world wide!" she repeated her question.

The young gentleman drawled out that, " Positively, he could not venture to say; he had not happened to have read any of them."

" No!—think of that!" cried Miss Flint, looking more a meaning than she should have done.

" No, positively, he never read at all—the —th never read."

" Then maybe you write?"

" Certainly not;—never, on any account."

" And you the son of such a very great writer?"

" Yes: his father, he believed—wrote:" and he coursed after Mrs. Blake.

" Think of that!—well, upon my word!" and without insisting on her answer from Gerald, she suddenly changed the topic.

" I 'll tell you a secret, Mr. Blount. *That*," nodding her head to Sir John Lumley and Miss Gore, " *that* will be a match a great deal sooner than most people think. I 've made it out since I came here to-day; ay, and the reason why

long before. You must not think I listen to what others wish to say amongst themselves, but not a great many hours ago, I overheard, by chance, and in spite of me, Mr. Gore and Mrs. Gore laying their particular commands on poor Selina to let Sir John have his way in naming the earliest day he liked—to-morrow, if it came into his head—think of that!"

"Well, perhaps Sir John has been very urgent with Mr. and Mrs. Gore, Miss Flint."

"Oh, no doubt in the living world of that, poor doting old man, and who can look at dear Selina and blame him, gone by as he is. But that's not the whole reason. Things cannot go on in this house another week, take my word for it. Indeed, the wonder of the world wide is, how they have gone on for the last week, ay, and the last year, along with it, and the last ten years, on the back of that again, if you knew but all. I have a sister married to one of the first solicitors in Dublin, and she assures me, that since he was eighteen years old poor Mr. Gore has been going in debt, going in debt, day after day, year after year, down to the present blessed moment, and never paying a shilling to

a single human being—think of that! there 's for you!"

"But your sister may have been misinformed, Miss Flint, the thing seems so very impossible; why, Mr. Gore is now about fifty, I should think, and you suppose him living for thirty years in such a way."

"Well, and it 's not so impossible, after all, in Ireland. You only think it is because you have been brought up in England. I 'll tell you. As long as a mortgage could be laid on the estate, creditors had patience, and something was raised for bare living. Something else came in by giving, now and then, a bill for a hundred pounds to some greedy tradesman, and getting fifty from him, the other fifty paying an old debt, and a premium into the bargain: and something else came in by begging and borrowing from friends and relations. But all was nearly over with the poor Gores, when that place you and your brother got for him in the Castle, (a good friend you and yours have been to them,) and Mr. Gore's sweet promises, and speeches, and engaging to procure situations for their sons or their brothers, and praising and patronizing some of their children, that the

poor fathers and mothers thought were uncommon geniuses,"—(Gerald remembered,)—"why, by dint of all this, they consented to fifth or sixth renewals of their protested bills, and to wait a little longer, in God's name. Then came this fine house, and fine furniture, and the new carriage, and who dashed like the Gores?—and the people grumbled again. But he went round to them, in confidence, giving hints about poor Angelina and the rich brewer—(there's for you! that was a good hit, the first few months! that was making hay while the sun shone!)—and from his candied speeches, the poor tradespeople thought that Blake was to give the means of paying every thing, to the last shilling. But they found a mare's nest. The brewer would do nothing but brew and bake for himself, and imagined it was quite enough to take a fine-lady wife without a sixpence; and so, not a farthing would he settle on her, not to talk of taking her father out of difficulty. Think of that!—a close fellow, and my blessing on him for it. So, into the sheriff's clutches poor Mr. Gore went, about ten days ago, and then there was such working heaven and earth to get him out before other creditors laid detainers on him.

Every one was worried, Captain Flood amongst the rest. Gore thought he was caught by Maria; but he doesn't care a pin for her; and it was a very old affair, and no one stepped forward, not even Blake—why should he? Until, as good luck would have it, up comes poor old Sir John from the country, where Selina had contrived to brow-beat him into a fit of dangling after her, and he did the business in a moment, and got us our poor Mr. Gore back again, before the rest of the creditors knew what happened. Ay, and more than that; Selina is to have a draft on the Bank of Ireland, and a rent-charge on Sir John's estate, making together a round sum of thousands on thousands; and she engages to give her poor father as much out of it as will help to set him on his legs again —think of that!"

"I am very sorry for my friend Gore and his charming family," said Gerald; "and it is on this latter account, as well as to comply with Sir John's urgency, that your friends here wish Miss Gore to be so amiable when her admirer shall next speak of the day?"

"Just so; only there happen to be more par-

ticular little reasons;—whisper—the creditors have resolved to make sure, this time, one way or the other; if Mr. Gore's promises on the strength of this second marriage do not hold good, they 'll have *him*, poor man, and every shilling's worth in this house, as sure as day—whisper again—they have him and them already!—think of that!"

"How do you mean?"

"My sister's husband saw thirteen executions sent in, last week and this, and the thirteen ugly-looking fellows that served them are this moment under the same roof with you! And did you notice a mean-faced, though very smartly-dressed little man that sat at the lower end of the table at dinner, saying nothing to nobody, and nobody saying any thing to him, and that now sits near Mr. Gore, beyond—look! as silent as ever; *he* is taking care of Mr. Gore himself, at a great bribe, every day, not to force him to the Sheriff's prison; he arrested his man coming home this very evening."

"A bailiff!" whispered Gerald in consternation.

"Yes, nice as his clothes are—got for the occasion, to hide things as well as possible—

a common catchpole—think of that!" — and Miss Flint, obeying a call from Mrs. Gore, hurried off, answering, "Yes, yes, dear love!"

Gerald had not recovered from the effects of this astounding intelligence, when Flood reappeared.

"According to the amazingly ingenious method of accomplished womankind, excellent fellow, the lady rather unequivocally demurs to answer any question of yours till you answer a new one of hers."

"Propose it, if you know it."

"Yes; I have a faint notion that I come so instructed. Wherefore attend. Resolve Miss Maria Gore, in the name of a friend of hers, why you did not think fit to honour with a reply a letter sent to you in France, and indited in common by—Mr. Knightly and his eldest son?"

"Again!" cried Gerald, much provoked: "pray, Flood, inform Miss Maria Gore, whatever may be her reasons for asking, that I received no such letter in France, and, in fact, know nothing about it."

"No?" questioned Flood, looking interested.

"No; and to yourself I will add that I am,

and have been much amazed by people teazing me with this Knightly and his eldest son, of which persons I know just as little as of their letter, having seen but one of them, the father, once in my whole life, and then without wishing to see him again."

"And his eldest son, never, positively?" continued Flood, his interest increasing.

"Confound his eldest son! no, never; do they say I have? What do they all mean? Why, you, yourself, *you* mean something this moment?"

"Me? I, *mean?* overpowering! you err, enormously to my discredit, fallible Blount. Your friend's sole business and idea is incontinently to bear back your answer to the other power, between whom and your eminent self he has the very great felicity of accounting himself diplomatist."

"Too much of that, perhaps," thought Gerald, as Flood a second time entered the back-drawing-room. After a short pause, during which his friend might be supposed to have conveyed his instructions, Gerald's ear caught a suppressed laugh, which he reddened to think came from Miss Maria Gore. "She amuses

herself with me," was his thought; and acting upon an impulse given by it, he followed Flood into the apartment.

The dandy and the young lady stood together at the fire, their backs to Gerald as he came in, so that they did not observe him. And Miss Maria still laughed through her parted fingers, as, at intervals, Gerald caught these words, "Excellent! oh, what a letter for my dear Augusta to-morrow! And what visions of delightful things, woven out of it and him, and the other puzzle, rise before my sight!"

"Indeed?" queried Gerald, as he softly stepped back; and, determined that neither Miss Maria Gore nor his wilful and indecorous sister, her 'dear Augusta,' should weave any thing out of him, whatever might be the puzzles devised by both for tormenting him in consequence of his indifference to their Knightlies, he looked round the outer drawing-room for Gunning, in order, with him, to leave the house that moment.

"You want me," said the old gentleman's voice at his back.

"Yes, Mr. Gunning; are you tired?"

"I 'm tired of being tired, I began so long ago."

"Come, then."

"But the danger of the night is not yet over, gentlemen, and you venture into the streets, alone!" remonstrated Mrs. and Mr. Gore, as both proposed to take leave. Arm-in-arm, however, Gunning and his promising pupil soon made way along the fine square of Stephen's-green.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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